

"Every component...is immaculate." — ComicBook.com

THOR



EWING
CATES
GRØNBEKK
LARROCA
KLEIN

THE LEGACY OF THANOS

MARVEL

THOR

A comic book illustration of Thor, the God of Thunder, depicted in a blue-tinted, high-contrast style. He is shown from the waist up, wearing his iconic Asgardian armor and a cape. His right arm is raised, and he appears to be channeling lightning. The background is dark and stormy, with jagged white lightning bolts striking around him. Debris, including what looks like pieces of a ship or structure, is falling from the top. The overall mood is dramatic and powerful.

The
Legacy
of Thanos



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THOR IS THE KING OF ASGARD, HAVING RECENTLY TAKEN OVER FOR HIS FATHER, ODIN. HE IS STRUGGLING TO BALANCE HIS ROLE AS THE ALL-FATHER WITH HIS ROLE AS ONE OF EARTH'S MIGHTIEST HEROES ON THE AVENGERS. RECENTLY, ODIN DIED IN BATTLE, AND HIS SPIRIT NOW INHABITS THOR'S HAMMER, MJOLNIR.

DURING A CATASTROPHIC BATTLE BETWEEN THOR AND THE HULK, THOR WAS EXPOSED TO A MASSIVE EXPLOSION OF GAMMA RADIATION THAT TURNED HIM INTO HIS OWN VERSION OF THE HULK — A HULKED-OUT GOD OF THUNDER! WITH THE HELP OF BRUCE BANNER, ODIN'S SPIRIT MANAGED TO SUBDUCE THOR AND RETURN HIM TO NORMAL, BUT NOT BEFORE THOR HAD WRECKED HAVOC ON THE GOLDEN REALM...AND DESTROYED THE BIFROST.

THOR

The Legacy of Thanos

THOR
#27-28

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DEATH NOTES
"Dead by Rumor"

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"Love and Death and
Much In Between"
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#29-30

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“Venom of Asgard” PART ONE



The King sits on his throne and counts the cost.

In a far-off place, he was corrupted. A foe's borrowed power unchained a rage from deep in his soul--or, perhaps, from some lower place entirely.

He was lost in the great green grip of it. He did things unworthy of a king.*

So now he sits--and counts his sins. Counts his responsibilities. Counts the cost to Asgard of his rule.

Or that's what he tells himself.

The voice in the hammer has **another** word for it.

*AS DETAILED IN THE BANNER OF WAR CROSSOVER. --WIL







"MAKE SURE HE'S STILL WHERE I LEFT HIM."

AAAAHHHH!

AAAAHHHHH!!

In the catacombs of Asgard is a man born of Odin's magic. He spilled an ocean of blood because he wanted to live as a God does.

Loki called him brother and granted his wish.

Donald Blake lives the life of a God. Specifically, the life of Loki himself, in time gone by--chained down, with a serpent dripping poison into his eyeballs.

All hail the new God of Lies.



Loki has not yet told Thor of this.

AND WHERE DID YOU LEAVE HIM?

THE ELK RESTS WITH ME, LOKI. I GAVE YOU THE DUTY OF PUNISHMENT FOR THE BLOOD ON BLAKE'S HANDS--BUT I MISLIKE NOT KNOWING WHAT THAT PUNISHMENT WAS.



AND I TOLD YOU NOT TO ASK, THOR. I'D ONLY HAVE TO LIE TO YOU, AFTER ALL...

...AND THAT'S NOT MY JOB ANYMORE.



BLAKE'S PAYING THE PRICE FOR THE CHOICES HE MADE.

IT'S AN OLD PRICE--A BLOOD PRICE--BUT THERE'S JUSTICE IN IT, IF YOU SQUINT.

AND BETTER HIM THAN ME.



LOKI...

ENOUGH! LET THE STORYTELLER KEEP THEIR PRECIOUS SECRETS!

YOU'D WASTE TIME FUSSING OVER YOUR ENEMIES WHEN YOUR SUBJECTS NEED THINE AID? PRIORITIES, BOY!



... PRIORITIES. AYE.

THE BIFROST IS BROKEN, LOKI.



I HEARD.

NOT A PROBLEM FOR YOUR MAJESTY, IF MJOLNIR CAN STILL SUMMON THE DIMENSIONAL WINDS--BUT THE AVERAGE ASGARDIAN HAS A RIGHT TO FREEDOM OF MOVEMENT.

BIT OF A TRICKY INFRASTRUCTURE PROBLEM FOR A NEW ALL-FATHER. HOW'S YOUR POLL RACING?



THE RAINBOW BRIDGE WAS CREATED BY MYCH AND BY MAGIC, BROTHER--YOU'RE AN EXPERT ON BOTH. WILL JOTUNHEIM HELP ASGARD ONCE AGAIN?

I'LL EVEN LET YOU PICK THE COLORS.



YOU NEED A BIFROST--I'M A BI FROST GIANT. IT'S FATE!

HOW CAN I SAY NO?



HOURS LATER...

I MEAN, THE WORD "NO" GENERALLY DOES IT. I SHOULD HAVE THOUGHT OF THAT ONE.

MAYBE THEN I WOULDN'T HAVE WASTED MY WHOLE AFTERNOON...

I AGREE. YOU SHOULD HAVE ASKED A PROFESSIONAL THOR.

DOCTOR STRANGE COULD FINISH THIS JOB FASTER THAN YOUR LACKWIT SIBLING...

DOCTOR STRANGE IS CURRENTLY DEAD, LADY SIF.

AND YET WHERE IS THE LIE?



OH, HA HA. FOR YOUR INFORMATION, THIS IS ACTUALLY A VERY THORNY MAGICAL PROBLEM.

SEE, THOR DID BREAK THE BIFROST--BUT THE BRIDGE IS STILL CONNECTED TO ASGARD, IN WAYS THAT CAN'T BE SUNDERED EVEN BY A HULKED-OUT ALL-FATHER.



SO THE IDEA OF THE BIFROST--THE MAGICAL ESSENCE--IS STILL HERE. BUT ALL IT'S DOING IS BLOCKING NEW CONSTRUCTION.

CLEARING THIS MYSTIC "RUBBLE" COULD TAKE A MONTH OR TEN THOUSAND YEARS...

AND ASGARD IS CUT OFF FROM THE OTHER REALMS UNTIL THEN? WE'RE HELPLESS?



I NEVER SAID THAT THIS COULD BE TRICKY... BUT TRICKY'S WHAT I DO.

ASGARD DOESN'T NEED THE BIFROST, THOR.



YOU'D LIKE THE BIFROST BECAUSE IT'S WHAT YOU HAD BEFORE AND YOU KNOW HOW IT WORKS.

BUT OTHER MAGICAL TRANSPORTATION METHODS ARE AVAILABLE. EVEN MIDGARD'S TECHNOLOGY MIGHT SERVE US HERE-- IF WE COULD BRING IT UP TO OUR STANDARDS.

AYE. I ENJOY MIDGARD'S TECHNOLOGY.



CAN A HAMMER FIRE A GUN?

LET US NOT FIND OUT!



I MEAN...THE MACHINES OF MIDGARD HAVE THEIR PLACE. BUT I'D PREFER SOMETHING WE COULD MAINTAIN OURSELVES.

SO GOOD, HONEST MAGIC-- OR AS HONEST AS IT GETS FROM ME.



ALL RIGHT. LET'S START WITH A SIMPLE STEPPING-DISC THROUGH LIMBO AND SEE HOW THAT GOES.

I'M NO ILLYANA RASPUTIN, BUT I THINK I CAN CAST ONE WITHOUT ANY MAJOR--



SURTUR'S
FLAME--



LOKI!!

WHAT
DID YOU JUST
DO--?

NOTHING!
I OPENED A
PORTAL--THAT'S
ALL!

AND FOR ALL
WE KNOW, THAT
GROWL WAS MEANT
AS A FRIENDLY
GREETING--



WHAM!



AH YES,
THE HAND OF
FRIENDSHIP!

THAT
ICHOR ON
HIM...

NOT JUST
ANY ICHOR,
I FEAR.



RUMORS HAVE REACHED ME OF
LATE--TALK OF DARK DEEDS IN
FAR-OFF REALMS, DEEDS...
OF CARTRIDGE.

IF SUCH TALES
ARE TRUE--AND THIS IS
CONNECTED--WE MAY FACE
THE FIGHT OF OUR LIVES.





There is no sound.

Save for the cracking of the earth...

...and the hissing of seared flesh.

OD'S BLOOD.

HIS DEMON-BLAST IS STRONGER THAN E'ER BEFORE...

YOU THINK? DID THE SECOND-DEGREE BURNS TIP YOU OFF?

I'VE HEALED FROM WORSE. 'TIS ASGARD THAT IS IN DANGER SHOULD DARKOTH REMAIN LOOSE...

OH? WE'RE NOT CALLING HIM BY HIS NAME?

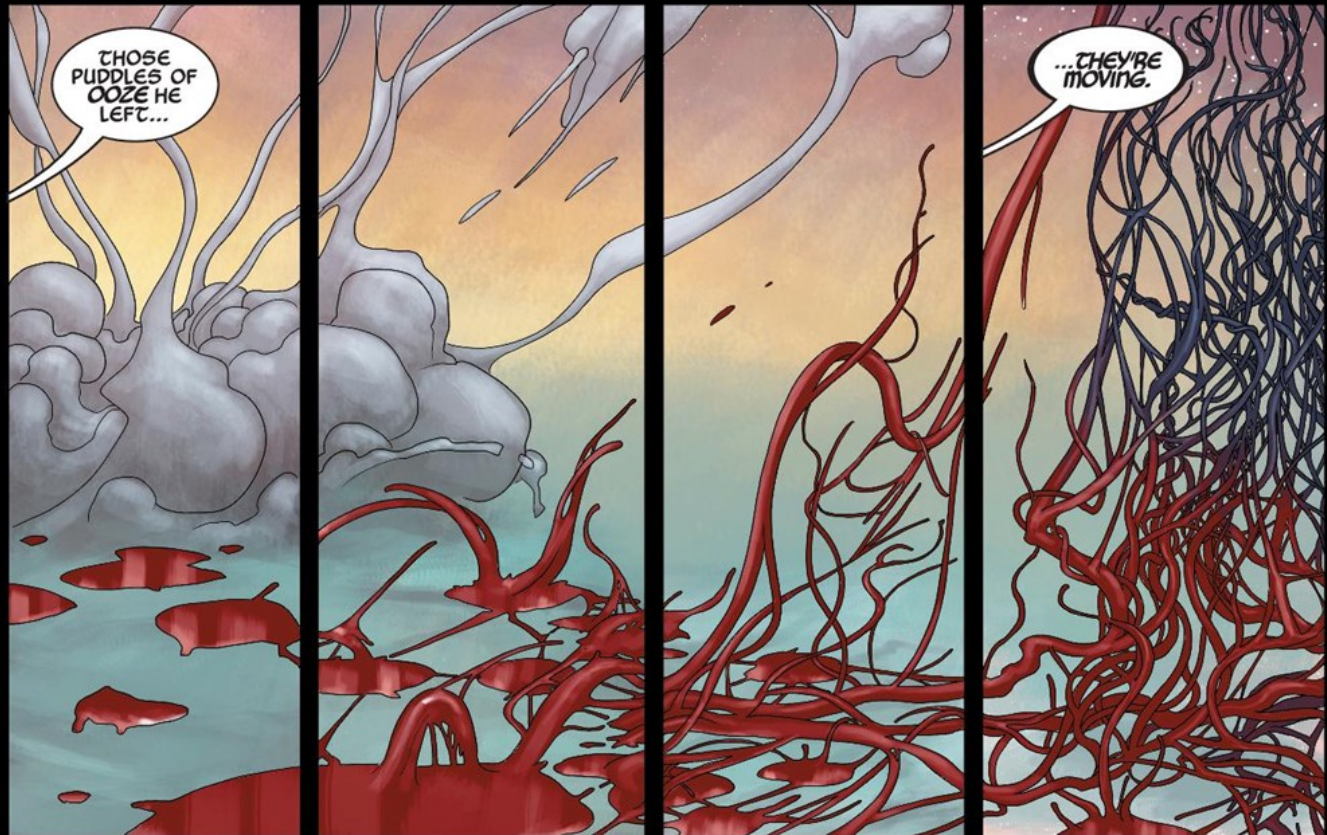
DESMOND THE DEATH DEMON DOESN'T WORK FOR ANYONE ELSE?



IF IT *WAS* DESMOND PITT WHO WE FACED, I WOULD SAY SO, LOKI.

BUT I FEAR THAT NOBLE MAN IS NO LONGER IN CONTROL....

THOR.
LOOK.



THOSE PUDDLES OF OOZE HE LEFT....

...THEY'RE MOVING.



THEN 'TIS AS I *SUSPECTED*. BE READY, MY FRIENDS.

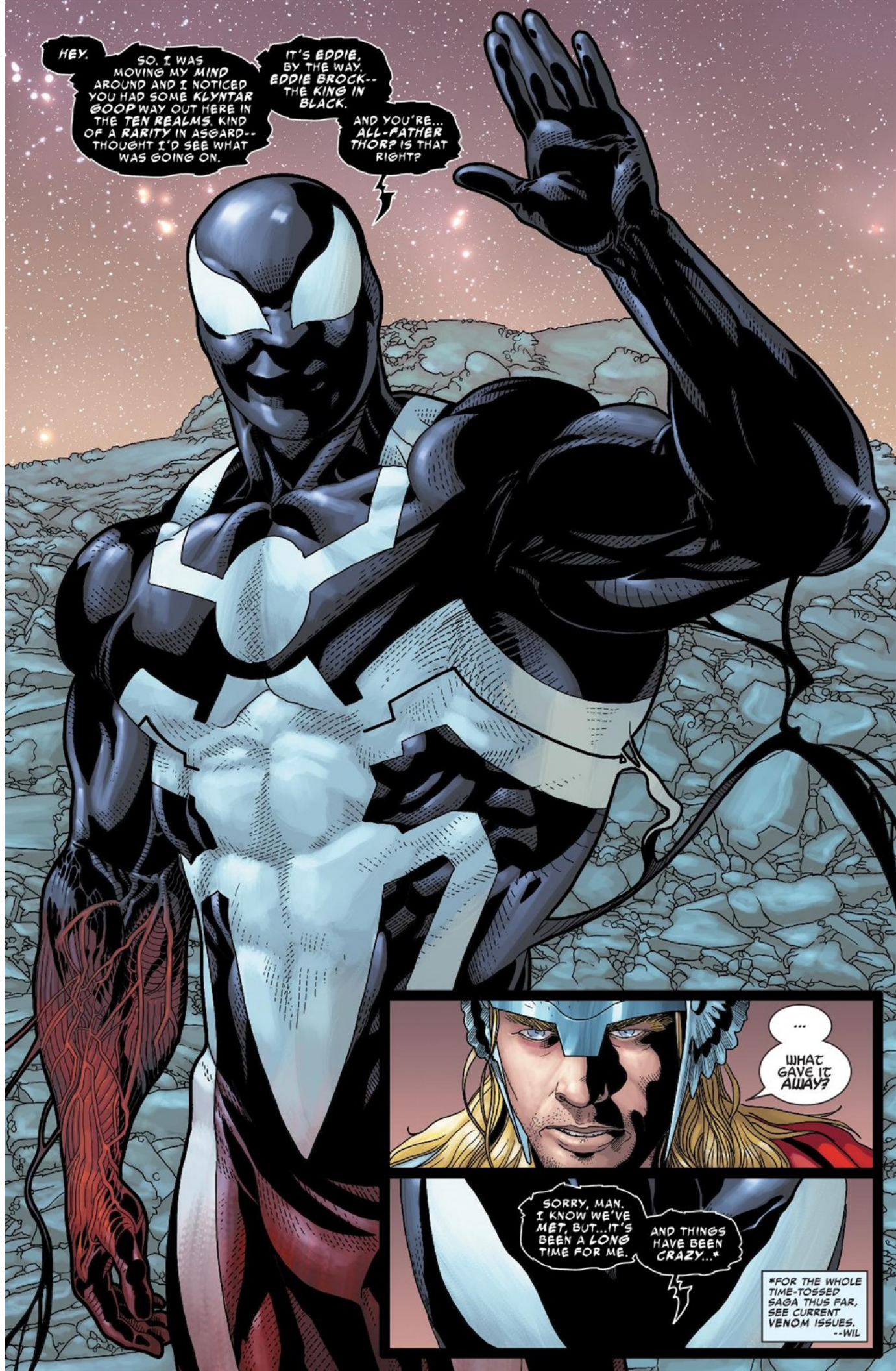
THE FOULNESS ASSUMES HUMAN SHAPE--AND WE KNOW NOT *WHAT* FOUL BEING IT MAY BE--

HEY.

SO, I WAS
MOVING MY MIND
AROUND AND I NOTICED
YOU HAD SOME KLYNTAR
GOOP WAY OUT HERE IN
THE TEN REALMS. KIND
OF A RARITY IN ASGARD--
THOUGHT I'D SEE WHAT
WAS GOING ON.

IT'S EDDIE,
BY THE WAY.
EDDIE BROCK--
THE KING IN
BLACK.

AND YOU'RE...
ALL-FATHER
THOR? IS THAT
RIGHT?



...
WHAT
GAVE IT
AWAY?

SORRY, MAN.
I KNOW WE'VE
MET, BUT...IT'S
BEEN A LONG
TIME FOR ME.

AND THINGS
HAVE BEEN
CRAZY...*

*FOR THE WHOLE
TIME-TOSSED
SAGA THUS FAR,
SEE CURRENT
VENOM ISSUES.
--WIL







JUST
MEANS I
NEED TO TAKE
THIS--

--BACK
TO THE OLD
SCHOOL!



THERE IS SOMETHING
BROCK IS NOT TELLING
US ABOUT ALL
THIS...

OH NO!
PRIVACY! OUR ONE
WEAKNESS!

MAYBE
HE'LL BE MORE
CHATTY ONCE
HE'S SAVED
ASGARD?





...THANKS FOR BREAKING THAT UP, THOR. BEDLAM'S CHILD IS TOUGHER THAN I THOUGHT.

HE'S GOT FULL CONTROL OVER THE PROMETHIUM IN DARKOTH'S BODY--HELL-METAL FROM THE DEPTHS OF LIMBO THAT CAN HURT EVEN ME.



RIGHT NOW, HE'S USING THE POWER IN IT INSTINCTIVELY-- BUT HE'S LEARNING ALL THE TIME.

HE'LL TRY TO IMPOSE HIS WILL ON IT. SHAPE IT, FORM IT INTO A WEAPON...



...AND WHAT'S THE MOST POWERFUL WEAPON HE CAN SEE HERE?

The child does not understand the words. But it senses a great power inside its helpless host.

One it can call forth...



...if it is worthy.

BURI'S BONES.

AYE. SOME ILL TIDINGS FOR THEE, MY SON.

I FEAR THAT...

...IS
A RED
ONE.





#27 VARIANT BY Patch Zircher



“Venom of Asgard” PART TWO



In the under-dark
of Asgard...

...there is a
serpent.

With venom dripping
from its fangs.

Drop by drop, all
day, all night...



...into the eyes
of the God
of Lies.

AAAAHHH!



Donald Blake walked in
blood to attain godhood--
now he has it. Is there
justice in that?

No. Only
myth.

NNNNH--

The gods are creatures of
story. If it makes a good
story, then you'll burn and
suffer in the darkness
forever--whether it's
just or not.



But myth is
slippery.

GAAHH!



A story coils
like a snake.
It turns. It
twists.

And if it's not
about justice...



...maybe it's about
revenge.

LOKI...







Mjolnir takes the brunt.
The hammers collide
like worlds.



Bedlam's Child would prefer
a world unto itself. Thus, it
cannot coexist with the
King of Asgard--or any
other living thing.

But it cannot put
this into words...

HRRRAAA...



...nor can it say how it
feels to be suddenly
blinded.

HRR?!



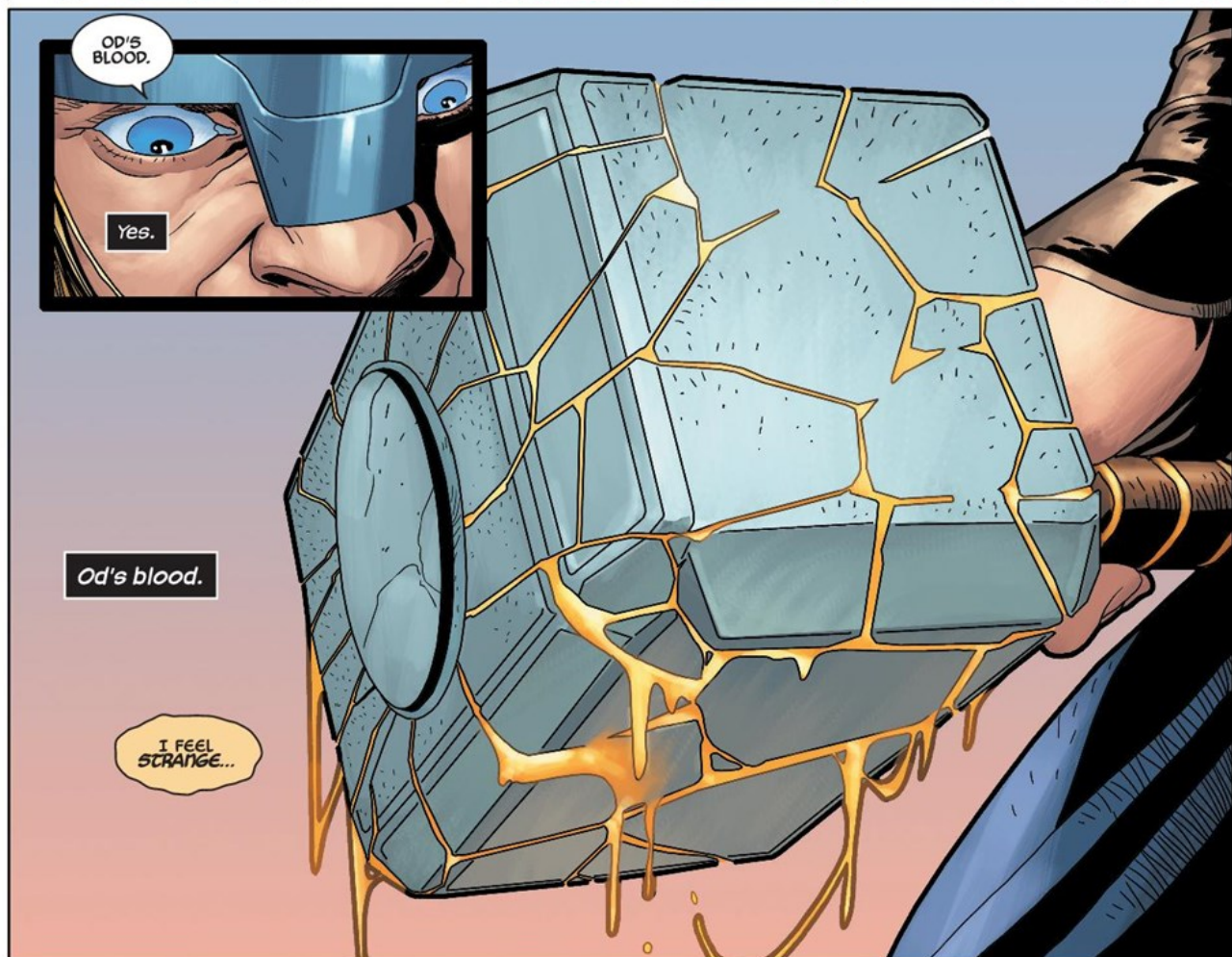
MY
EYES!

MY
EYES!



THAT
WON'T HOLD
HIM LONG--

TRUST ME,
SIF--I'VE GOT
MORE!
THOR--
ON YOUR
FEET!







The God
in Black.

WE
WOULD HAVE
WORDS WITH
THEE.



RRRAARRH--

Words are
rejected.



So the God in Black
takes action.



THE THUNDERCLAPS--
THEY'RE HURTING
THE BEAST--

THOR'S ONE
WITH THE KING IN
BLACK--AND TOGETHER,
THEY CAN TRIGGER THE
ANCESTRAL FEARS
OF SYMBIOTES--

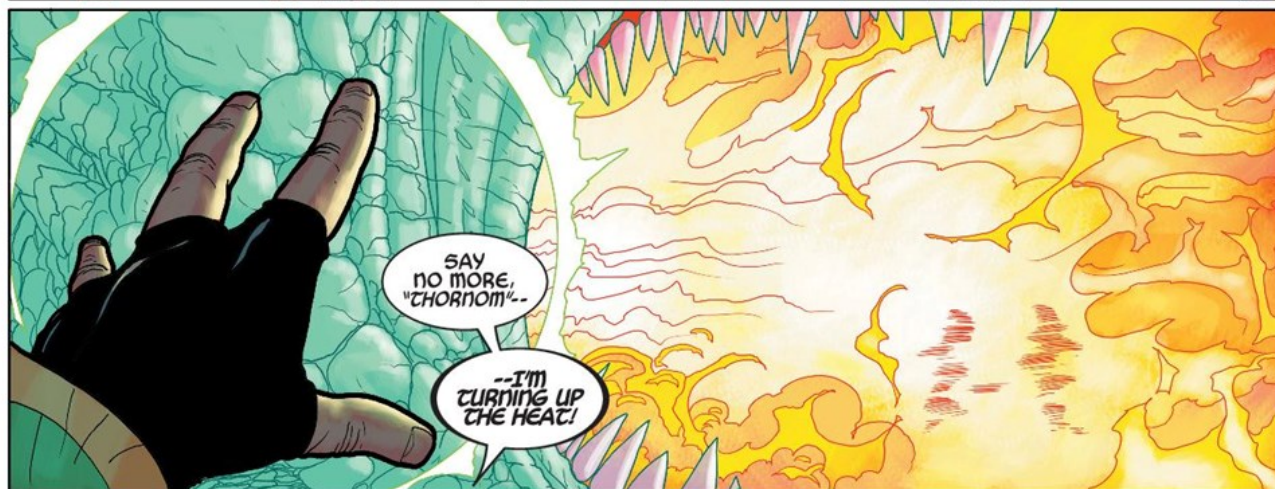
--LIKE
SOUND--



--AND
FLAME!

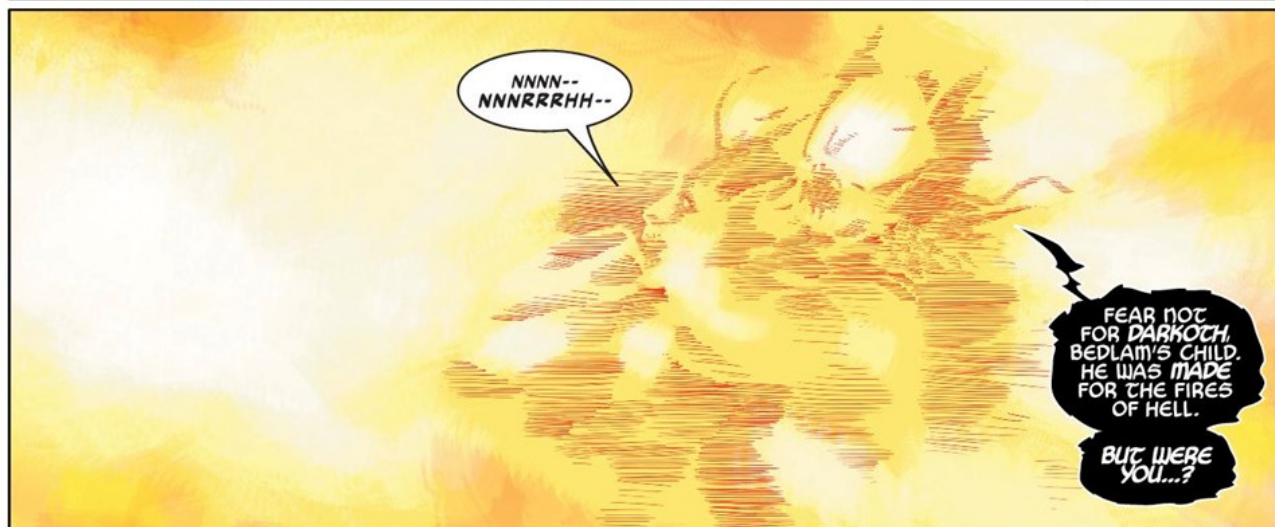


AYE! BEDLAM'S
CHILD IS **NEWBORN**--A
CREATURE OF *INSTINCT*.
WITH INSTINCTUAL
TERRORS.
WE HAVE
NO SUCH
PROBLEM.



SAY
NO MORE,
"THORNOM"--

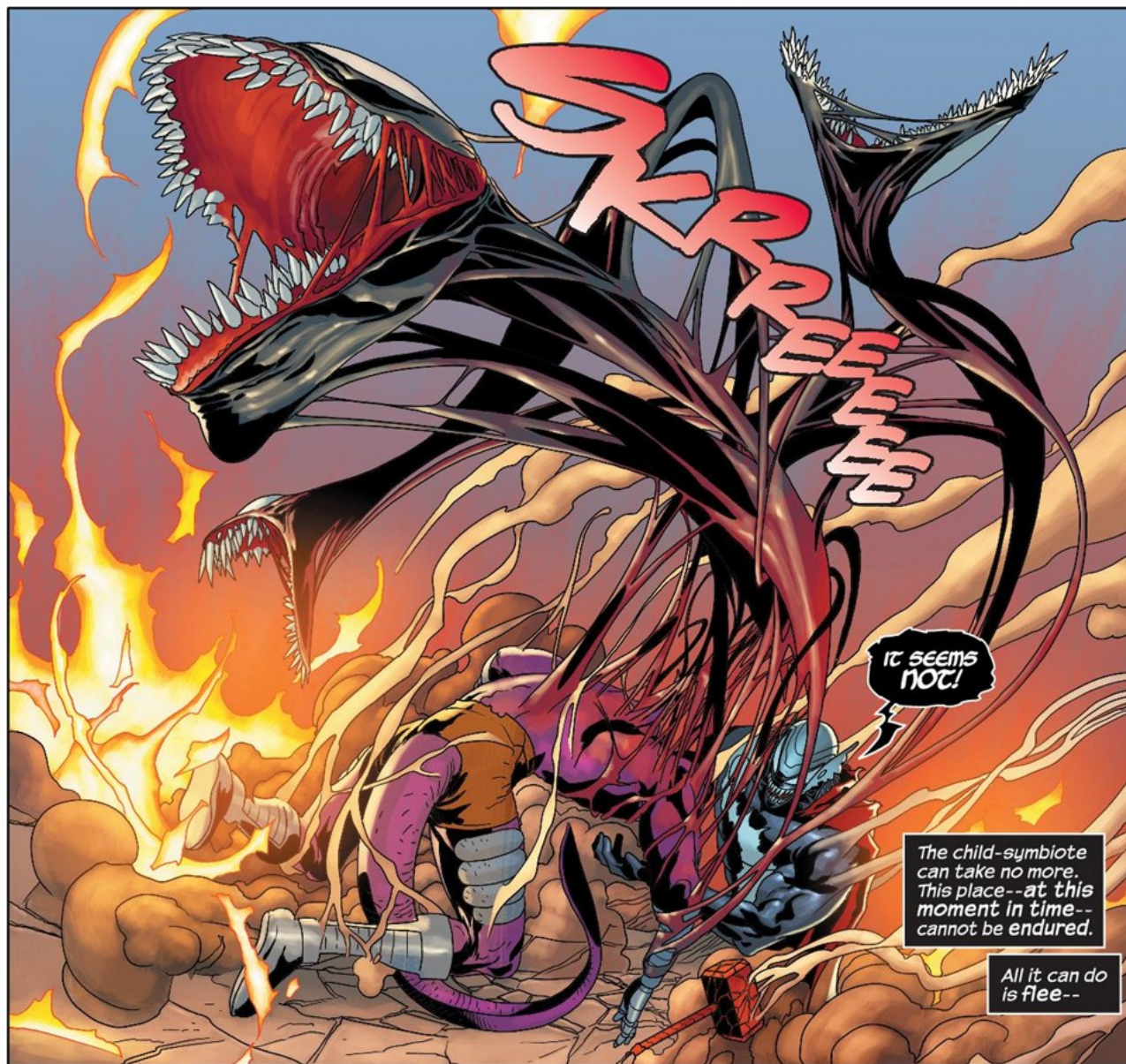
--I'M
TURNING UP
THE HEAT!



NNNN--
NNRRRRHH--

FEAR NOT
FOR **DARKOCH**.
BEDLAM'S CHILD.
HE WAS **MADE**
FOR THE FIRES
OF HELL.

BUT WERE
YOU...?



it seems
NOT!

The child-symbiote
can take no more.
This place--at this
moment in time--
cannot be endured.

All it can do
is flee--



--from its
own body.



DARKOTH'S
DOWN! ABOUT
TIME, FRANKLY.

Any longer,
and that **ILLUSION**
of a muspelheim
dragon would
have dispersed
itself.

OR BECOME
THE REAL THING.
I'M NEVER
SURE.



LOOKS LIKE BEDLAM'S CHILD LEARNED
AT LEAST ONE TRICK FROM HIS
FATHER. HE CAN MOVE **FREELY**
IN TIME--LEAVING HIS
GOO BEHIND.

AND WITHOUT
HIM...DARKOTH'S
AN EMPTY
SHELL.





...AND MUCH, MUCH MORE.

I AM MERIDIUS--THE EDWARD BROCK OF YOUR FUTURE, ON A MISSION TO SAVE MINE.

THE PAST IS SET IN STONE. IT MUST BE. BUT THE FUTURE CAN BE CHANGED.

I KNOW THIS TIME PERIOD, THOR. I KNOW YOU'VE SEEN YOUR FUTURE--YOUR FATE. IF YOU COULD TURN BACK WHAT IS TO COME...



...WOULDN'T YOU AT LEAST TRY?



THAT DEPENDS, MERIDIUS.

WHAT WOULD BE THE COST TO THOSE I LOVE?

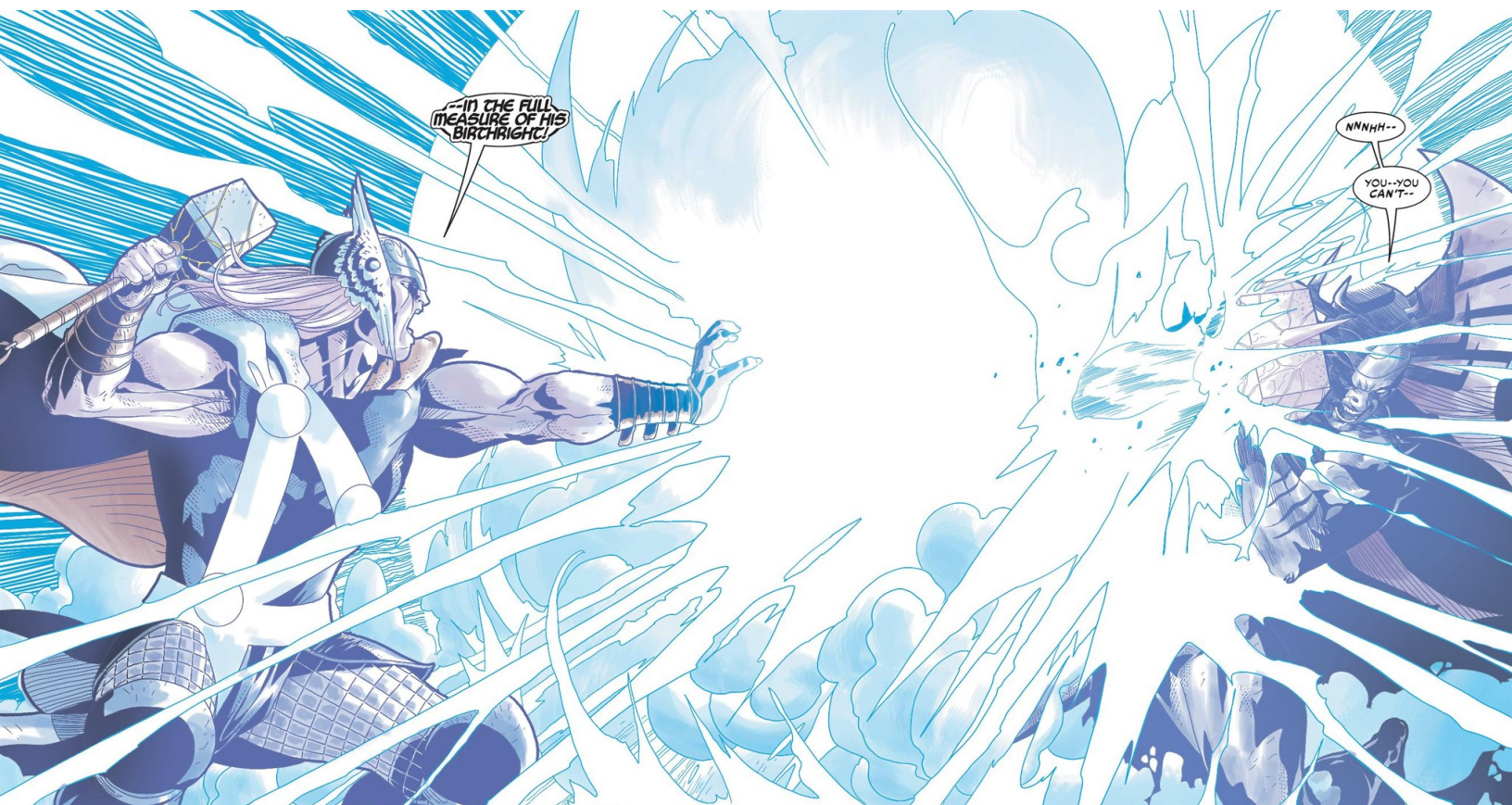


OH, THOR.



AND WE WERE GETTING ALONG SO WELL.





--IN THE FULL
MEASURE OF HIS
BIRTHRIGHT!

NNHHH--

YOU--YOU
CAN'T--



I'VE WALKED
MILLENNIA--SLAIN
EMPIRES--

I--
I WILL
NOT--



DAWN
YOU!

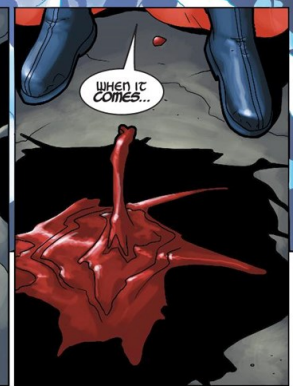
YOU WIN,
THOR.



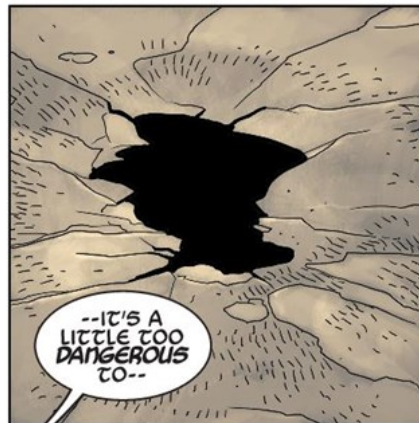
I WONDER
WHAT YOU HAVE
WON...?



...
THAT IS
FOR THE FUTURE
TO TELL US,
MERIDIUS.



WHEN IT
COMES...





...the venom
drips down.

Molten promethium, cast
in uru's shadow and melded
with symbiote--the black
blood, the void's creation.



It drips through ancient
rocks...over coiling
scales...into eyes.



Each drop holds
visions.

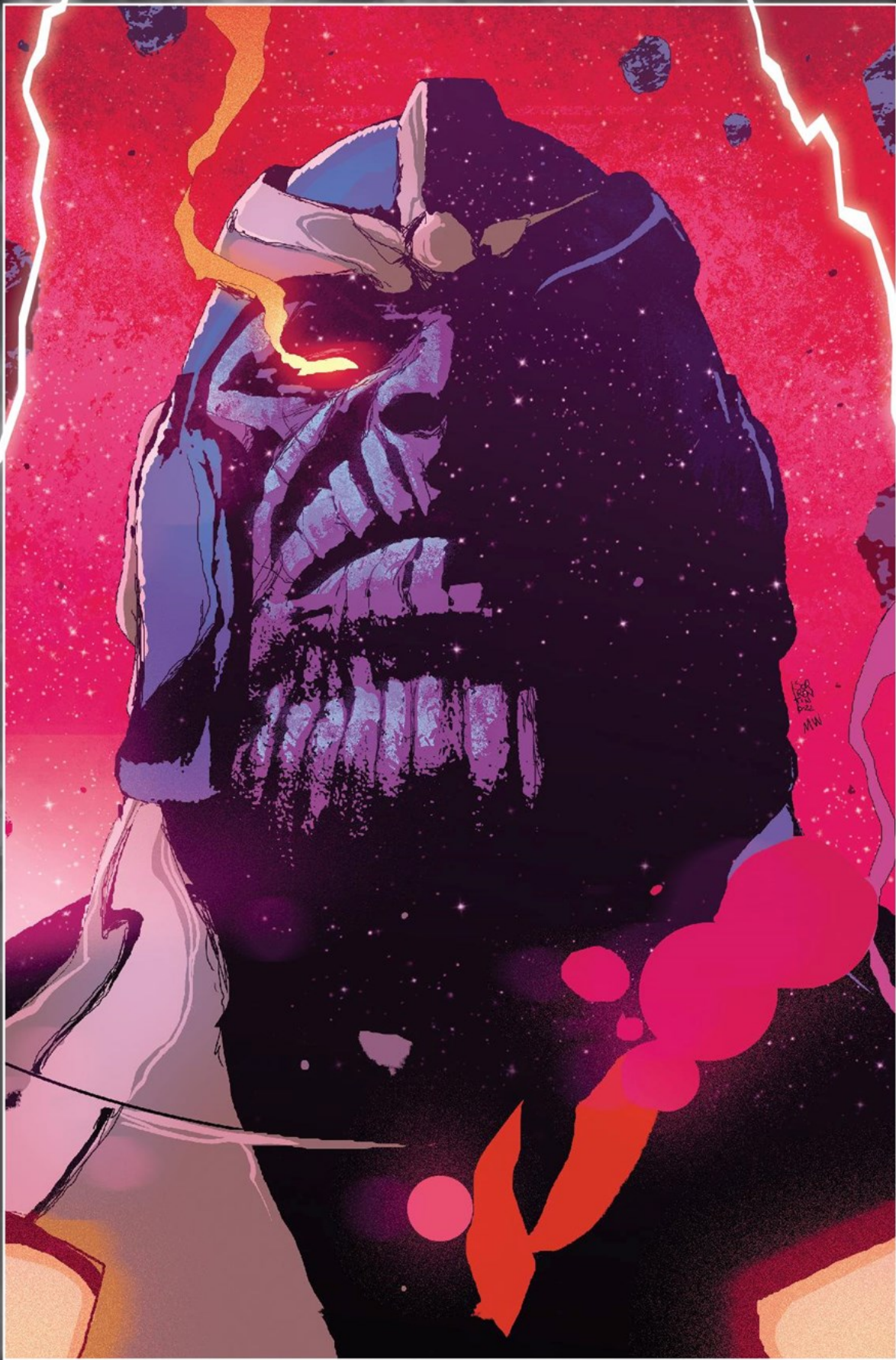


Each drop
holds myth.

And now, in the
under-dark of
Asgard...

...there is a
Serpent.





"Thanos: Death Notes"

TITAN.

OLD BONES CRUNCH LIKE
DRY TWIGS BENEATH HIS FEET.

AND THE AIR TASTES
LIKE METAL.

"DEAD BY
RUMOR"

HUGINN,
muninn. IS
THIS THE
PLACE?

WHY
DO YOU ASK
QUESTIONS--

--WHEN
YOU ALREADY
KNOW THE
ANSWER?

AND AS HE WALKS
THROUGH THE
WASTELAND, HE
KNOWS TWO
THINGS:

ALL OF TITAN
IS DEAD.

THIS
IS THE
PLACE.

HERE LIES
SUI-SAN
WIFE. MOTHER.
MOST BEAUTIFUL OF ETERNALS

AND...



...IT WAS NOT A DREAM.

THE CAVE IS THIS WAY.

CHASING YOUR DREAMS THROUGH THE UNIVERSE, THOR?

IT IS ALL I HAVE TO GO ON, FATHER.

THIS FEELS LIKE THE SAME PLACE.



IN HIS VISION, THERE WERE FIGURES...

GLARING, SMILING, SCREAMING FIGURES.

SOME FAMILIAR, SOME NOT.

BUT THERE WAS NO LIFE.



HELLO.

JUST LIKE HERE.

WHY ARE YOU HERE?



I AM EVERYWHERE. BUT ESPECIALLY HERE.

THE BETTER QUESTION, PERHAPS, IS WHY ARE YOU HERE?



YOU DO NOT KNOW?

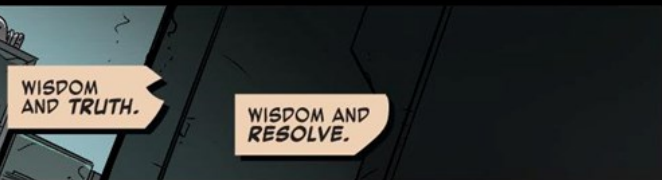
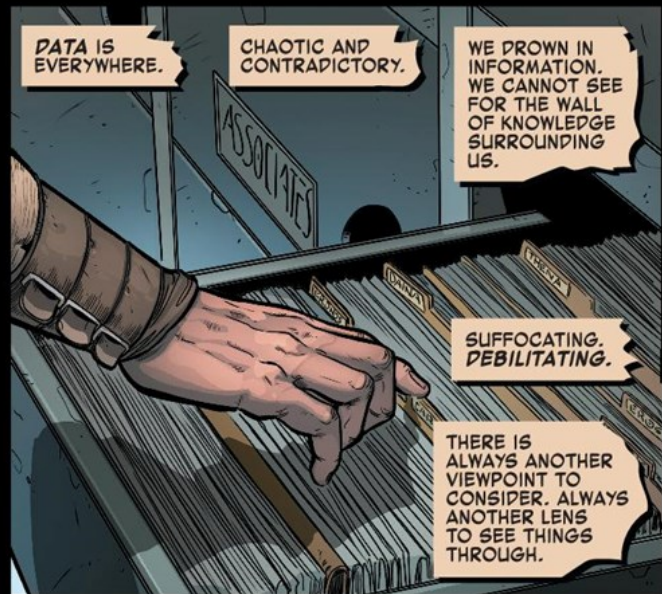
YOU ARE LOOKING FOR THANOS. YOU ARE TRYING TO FIND OUT IF HE IS TRULY GONE.

IS HE?



THANOS WAS ALWAYS MINE, THOR ODINSON.





--COULD THEY,
IN THE END, YIELD
THE TRUTH OF
THANOS?

“ALL THAT IS”

Stark personal
lab log.

Never seen *anything*
like this before.

Of course, I've dealt
with my share of
robots. But this...

Some guy named
“Drax the Destroyer”
was mentally calling
out to me,
imprisoned by *this*
guy--or rather, the real,
non-robotic version
of this guy--a Titan
who goes by the
name of *Thanos*.

Thanos had
imprisoned Drax,
Drax reached
out to me, I came
and helped him out,
we tried to take
Thanos down...but
the big lug pulled
one over on us.

By the time
I hit him with
a punch from
my gauntlet, my
fist went clean
through *this*
robot impostor's
head.

Now Thanos is
in the wind. *Gone*.
Could be anywhere
in the galaxy. Drax
went after him.

But I kept this *creepy*
robot. Because I need
to figure out just how in
the living hell it works.





The suit helps, but the way I usually win is by learning how the baddies do it, then doing it better.

And I'm a smart guy, but this Titan technology... Let's just say this Thanos has a brain of his own.



I can't even figure out how to turn the damn thing on.

I've been at it for nineteen hours now.



Running analyses, trying to reverse engineer the componentry, get a glimpse at the A.I. programming...



...staying in my armor because frankly...I feel like I'm working with a bomb.



One false move and I could have a very dangerous device on my hands.



I'm starting to feel it's not worth the risk.

ALL RIGHT, THANOS, WHAT DO YOU SAY WE MELT YOU DOWN AND CALL IT A NIGHT?





OKAY.
WHAT DOES
THE GREAT
THANOS HAVE
TO SAY?

SIMPLE, REALLY.
LET THIS MACHINE
BE, AND YOU WILL
CONTINUE AS
YOU WERE. OR
DESTROY IT...



...AND YOU AND YOURS
WILL SUFFER UNTOLD
TORTUROUS AGONIES
FOR ALL ETERNITY.



I SEE. WELL,
THAT SOUNDS
MORE LIKE A
THREAT.



AND I
DON'T TAKE
KINDLY TO
THREATS.



THIS
WAS A FUN
GAME, BUT
I CHOOSE
"DESTROY."

GAME? THIS GAME
IS ALREADY WON. FOR
IT IS FAR MORE INTO THE
FUTURE THAN YOU BELIEVE,
ANTHONY STARK.



"THE FUTURE"?
WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

YES, IT IS AN
EVENTUALITY
THAT THANOS WILL
RULE SUPREME
OVER ALL THINGS.
EVEN SPACE AND
TIME. IN FACT, IT
HAS ALREADY
HAPPENED.



THIS--YOUR
REALITY AS YOU
EXPERIENCE IT--IS BUT
A REFLECTION OF A PAST
ALREADY ENDURED. NOW IT
IS A MERE SIMULATION. ONE
ARTICULATED, STUDIED
AND OVERSEEN
BY THANOS.

YOU SEE...
ALL THINGS
ARE THANOS.
EVEN YOU.



UH-HUH,
RIGHT.
SURE--

I SPEAK AS
AN ARTIFICIAL
CONSCIOUSNESS
ALREADY
UNFATHOMABLE
TO YOU. ONE
YOU DESPAIR TO
UNDERSTAND
BUT CANNOT.



IS IT NOT CONCEIVABLE
THAT A MIND POWERFUL
ENOUGH TO CREATE ME
COULD, IN TIME, CONTROL
ALL THAT IS?

IT IS UNDISPUTED THAT
THANOS WILL SOON BE YOUR
GOD. THANOS IS YOUR GOD,
STARK. AS THANOS HAS
BEEN YOUR GOD SINCE
THE BEGINNING.



OKAY, WAIT...
SO YOU'RE
TELLING ME IT'S
THE FUTURE...
AND THANOS
ALREADY
CONTROLS
EVERYTHING.
THAT ALL THIS--
INCLUDING ME--
IS A RERUN
INSTEAD OF
PRIMETIME.

UNH!

LET ME
SHOW YOU.



YOUR
EXISTENCE
HERE IS JUST
A FACADE.

"IN THE TRUE NOW--YEARS FROM YOUR
TIME--ALL IS THANOS. ALL SERVES THANOS.
ALL IS BORN OF THANOS. THE GOD OF
YOUR SIMPLISTIC MYTHS IS NOW MANIFEST.

"AND SO,
REACHING BACK,
THANOS HAS
RESHAPED ALL
OF TIME ITSELF
TO ENSURE AND
PROTECT HIS
INEVITABLE RISE
TO OMNIPOTENT
GLORY.

"THE OLD UNIVERSE...
AND THOSE WHO
OPPOSED HIM...
ARE LONG DEAD.

"IN HIS NEW CREATION...
ALL FACETS OF IT BOW
TO HIM AND HIS WILL...
EVEN IF THEY DO SO
WITHOUT KNOWING
IT. AND THOSE PIECES
THAT RESIST...REBEL...

"THOSE PIECES OF THE
SIMULATION ARE EXCISED.
RELEGATED TO AN ENDLESS
PSYCHIC AND PHYSICAL
VIVISECTION THAT
KNOWS NO CONCEPT OF
DURATION...ONLY PAIN."



STOP...
THIS IS
INSANITY...
IF I DESTROY
ONE STUPID
ROBOT... THEN
THANOS WILL
TORTURE
ME FOR THE
REST OF
TIME?! THAT'S
ABSURD--

NOT
JUST YOU.
EVERYONE
YOU KNOW.



IF THANOS
IS GOD...
AND THIS IS
JUST SOME...
SIMULATION
HE CONTROLS...
WHAT DOES
HE CARE
ABOUT ONE
MACHINE?

IT IS NOT THE
MACHINE. IT IS THE
PRINCIPLE. IF YOU
REJECT THE MACHINE,
YOU ARE AGAINST
WHAT IS TO COME.



WHICH MEANS
YOU RESIST. AND
THEREFORE MUST
BE REMOVED.



STUPID
MIND
GAMES--

YOU ARE A
SCIENTIST,
STARK.
EXAMINE THE
PROBABILITIES.
WEIGH THE
RISKS. CHECK
YOUR PRIDE.



*Probabilities...Theories
of the future. Does
chaos lead to order...?
Or does order
lead to chaos...?
Is Thanos order...?
Is Thanos chaos...?*

*Does it
matter...?*

Has Thanos
already
defeated us?
Have we already
lost? When?
Tomorrow?
In a thousand
years?

What am
I willing to
sacrifice
just to prove
that I'm right?
As a scientist,
it's clear.

It's not
worth
the risk.

FINE. HAVE
IT YOUR WAY.
I WON'T MELT
YOU DOWN.

BUT I NEVER
SAID I'D
KEEP YOU IN
ONE PIECE.

I'm just posturing.
Buying time. If it's
true...Thanos isn't
a single form. He's
everywhere.

No one can
know. It's too
dangerous.

But now...
I'll secretly
carry the
burden of
this possible
nightmare...

...for the rest
of my life.

SCHRAAKK

CA-
LANGK

"I AM FREE!
FREE AT LAST!"

THE TOWER OF DEATH. NAME OF PLANET: UNKNOWN.

"LOVE AND
DEATH AND MUCH
IN BETWEEN"

HOW MAY THIS
HUMBLE SOUL SERVE
HIS EBONY MISTRESS?
COMMAND AND I
SHALL OBEY!

IN LIFE, YOU
HONORED OUR
MONARCH AS NO
OTHER EVER DID.
SHE IS IN NEED OF
YOUR *SERVICES*
ONCE
AGAIN.

RECENT
EVENTS HAVE
CONVINCED *MISTRESS*
DEATH THAT A SEVERE
IMBALANCE EXISTS
WITHIN THE
UNIVERSE.

SHE FEARS
THAT IF THIS CONDITION
CONTINUES ON UNCHECKED,
EXISTENCE AS IT IS
KNOWN NOW MAY
BE IN PERIL.

SO SHE
CALLS UPON YOUR
UNIQUE TALENTS
TO REMEDY THE
SITUATION.

YOUR
TALENTS...
AND YOUR
UNIQUE--



--PERSPECTIVE.



WHY DID YOU BRING ME HERE?

TO SPEAK TO YOU OF LOVE.

I LOVE ONLY YOU.

TODAY. BUT TODAY HAS NOT ALWAYS BEEN TODAY...



...HAS IT?

...THANOS...



...THANOS...

CARELLA.

WHY DID YOU BRING HER HERE?

THIS IS NOT TRULY HER.



HER SPIRIT HAS MOVED ON TO OTHER REALMS... THIS IS MERELY AN ECHO.

AGAIN: WHY?

I TOLD YOU--



--SO WE COULD SPEAK OF LOVE.

TELL ME OF HER... AND WHO SHE WAS TO YOU.

YOU MUST KNOW--

ALL THINGS ARE KNOWN IN DEATH, WHEN SECRETS NO LONGER NEED BE HELD, BUT I WISH TO HEAR IT FROM YOU.

WHO WAS SHE? TO YOU?



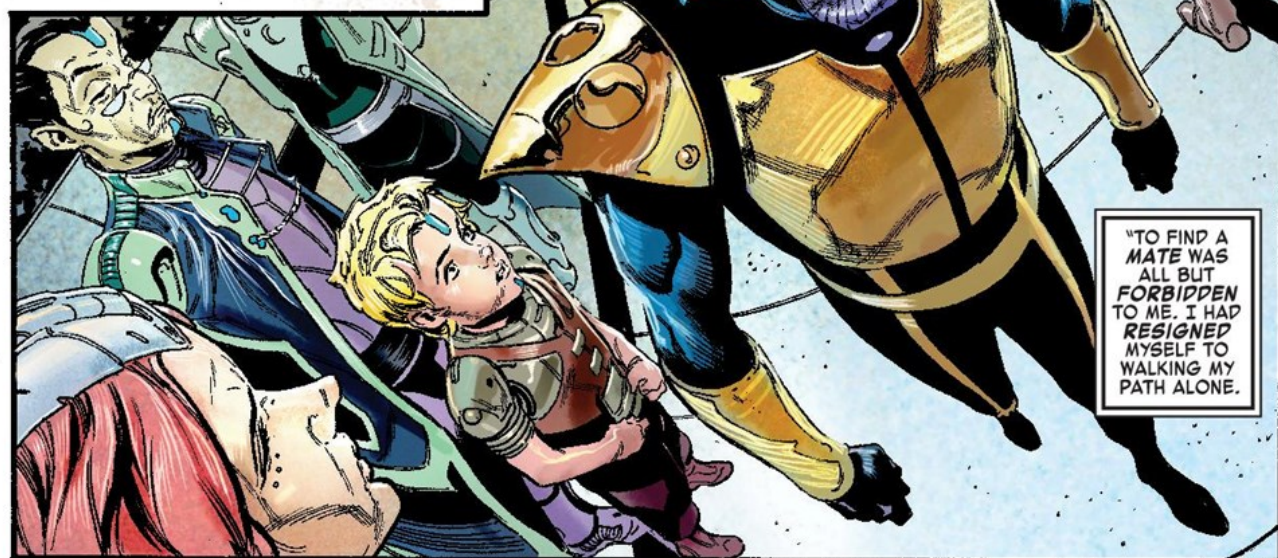
"I LOVED MY WORLD.
I LOVED MY PEOPLE.
MY ONLY WISH IN LIFE
WAS TO *SERVE* THEM.
TO *SAVE* THEM. AND
PERHAPS, SOMEDAY, TO
EXPERIENCE JOY.

"BUT I WAS
DIFFERENT.
A *DEVIANT*."



"MY FELLOW TITANS SAW ME AS *COARSE*, AS *BENEATH*
THEM, SO I WAS *SHUNNED*, DENIED THE BALM OF
FRIENDSHIP, OF *CAMARADERIE*, AND MOST OF ALL, OF *LOVE*."

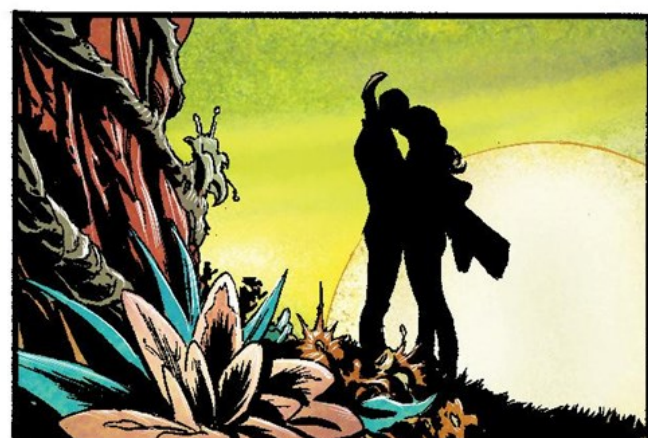
"TO FIND A
MATE WAS
ALL BUT
FORBIDDEN
TO ME. I HAD
RESIGNED
MYSELF TO
WALKING MY
PATH ALONE."



"UNTIL--"



"--UNTIL
HER."





"WHEN SHE LOOKED AT ME, SHE DID NOT SEE THE **MONSTER**...THE **DEVIANT**...SHE SAW THE SPIRIT WITHIN ME.

"HER VOICE **GENTLED** ME...HER TOUCH **SOOTHED** ME...AND WHEN I LOOKED IN **HER EYES**--



"--I SAW NOT JUST LOVE, BUT THE POSSIBILITY OF **HOPE**.

"FOR THE FIRST TIME.

"HOPE.



"CAN YOU EVEN **IMAGINE?**

"AT MY INSISTENCE, FOR HER PROTECTION, WE KEPT OUR LOVE A **SECRET**, BUT SECRETS HAVE A WAY OF ESCAPING.



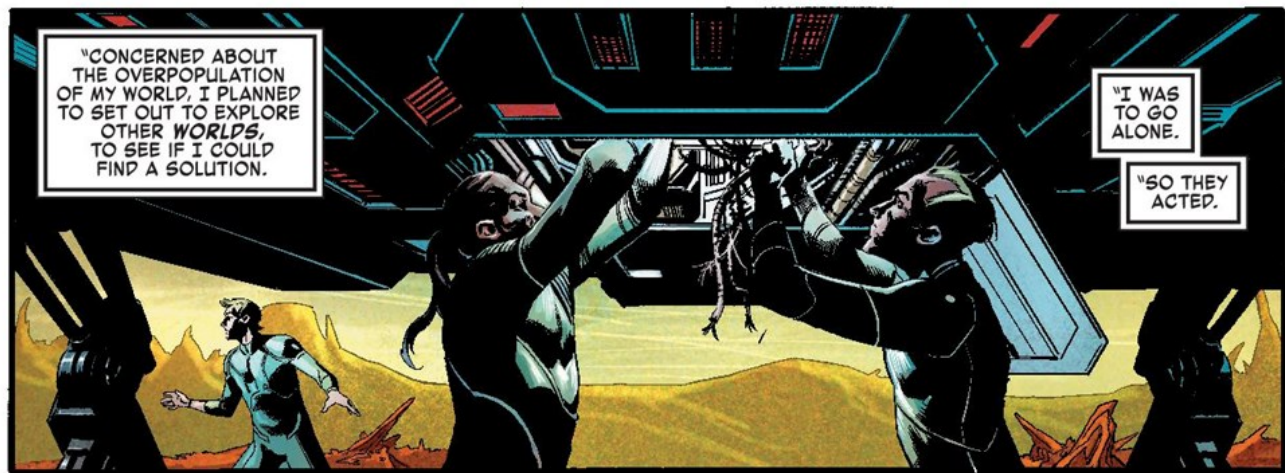
"AND HER FAMILY DID NOT SHARE THAT SAME LOVE, THAT SAME **HOPE**.

"THEY SAW ONLY AN **ABOMINATION**.

"THEY WANTED TO **INTERFERE**, BUT MOST OF THEM DID NOT HAVE THE **COURAGE** TO ACT.



"BUT **MOST** OF THEM DOES NOT MEAN **ALL** OF THEM. THERE ARE ALWAYS SOME WILLING TO DO WHAT IS **DEEMED NECESSARY**.



"CONCERNED ABOUT THE OVERPOPULATION OF MY WORLD, I PLANNED TO SET OUT TO EXPLORE OTHER WORLDS, TO SEE IF I COULD FIND A SOLUTION."

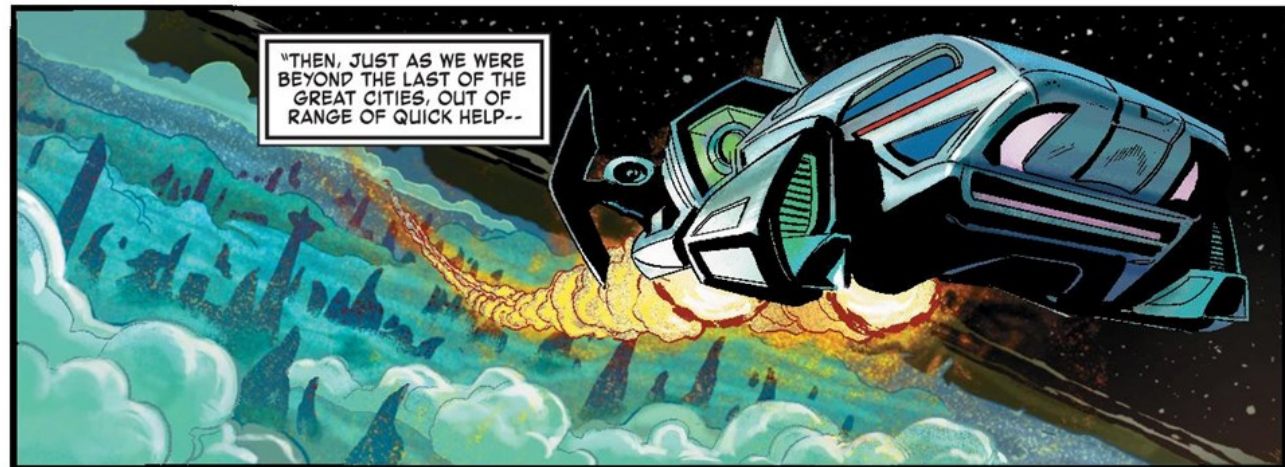
"I WAS TO GO ALONE."

"SO THEY ACTED."



"THEN CARELLA ARRIVED, DETERMINED TO ACCOMPANY ME. I TRIED TO ARGUE, BUT I COULD NEVER WIN. NOT WITH CARELLA."

"AS I SAID...SHE GENTLED ME."

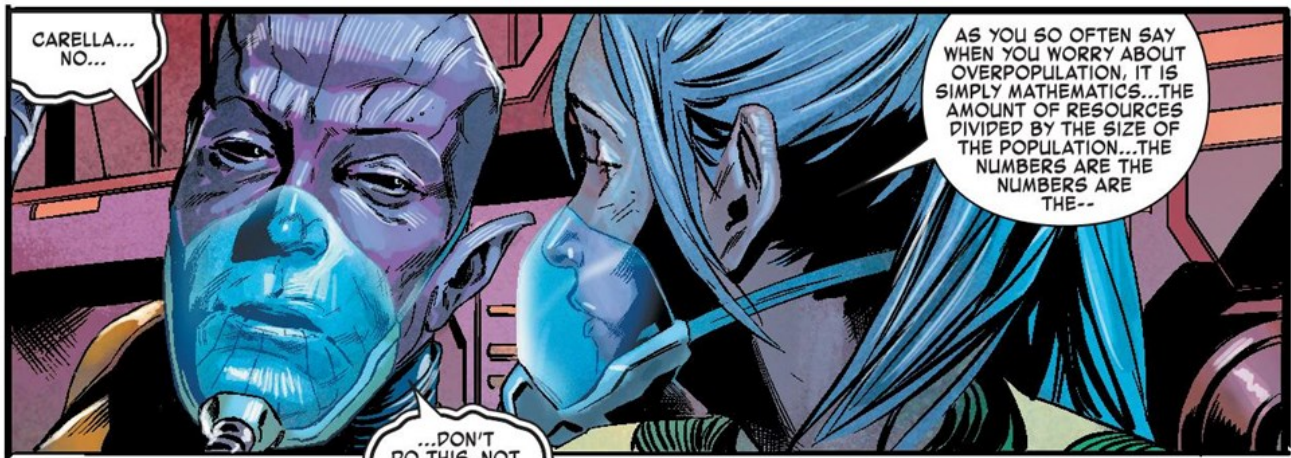


"THEN, JUST AS WE WERE BEYOND THE LAST OF THE GREAT CITIES, OUT OF RANGE OF QUICK HELP--"



"--THEIR ACTIONS BORE FRUIT."





CARELLA...
NO...

AS YOU SO OFTEN SAY
WHEN YOU WORRY ABOUT
OVERPOPULATION, IT IS
SIMPLY MATHEMATICS...THE
AMOUNT OF RESOURCES
DIVIDED BY THE SIZE OF
THE POPULATION...THE
NUMBERS ARE THE
NUMBERS ARE
THE--

...DON'T
DO THIS, NOT
FOR ME...



WHO
ELSE SHOULD
I DO IT FOR, MY
DEAR? THERE IS
NO ONE ELSE
HERE. JUST
YOU. MY
LOVE.

MY
GREATEST
LOVE.



NO...



I-- --HUCCCHHH--

--I THINK I WILL
GO TO SLEEP NOW,
THERE IN THE CORNER.
I BELIEVE--

--HURRRRRRR--

--IT WILL BE MORE
COMFORTABLE.



NO...NO,
PLEASE...

LIVE
FOR ME,
DEAREST
ONE...

...LIVE
FOR ME...

...CARELLA...
NO...PLEASE...



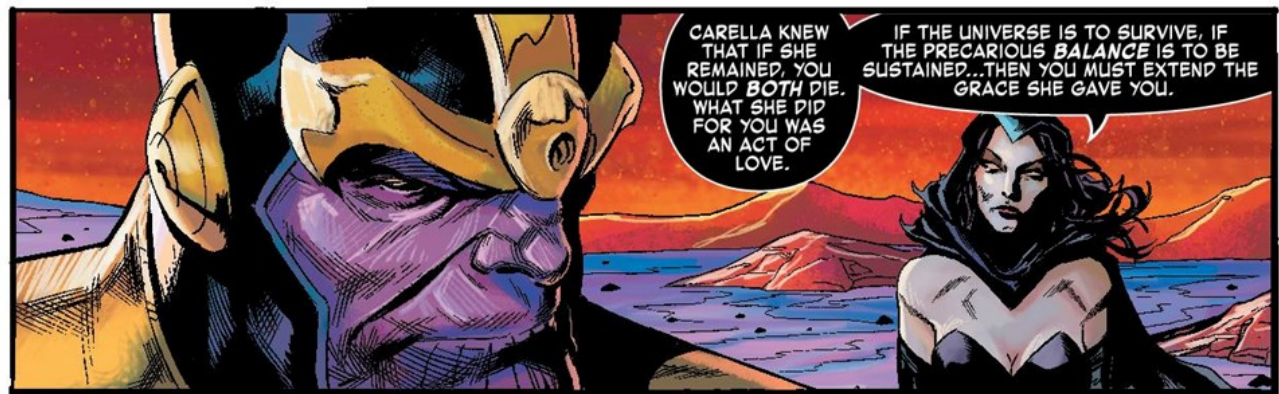
IT TOOK ME A LONG TIME...
A VERY LONG TIME...TO
UNDERSTAND THAT HER ACT
WAS TRULY ONE OF LOVE.
SHE DIED THAT I
MIGHT LIVE.

WHAT GREATER
PROOF OF LOVE CAN
THERE EVER BE
THAN THAT?

AND THAT
IS WHY I
BROUGHT YOU
HERE.



TO BE
DEATH IS NOT
TO WISH FOR PAIN
AND BLOOD ON OTHERS.
IT IS TO MAINTAIN THE
BALANCE. IF MORE
LIVE IN A FOREST THAN
IT CAN SUSTAIN, ALL
DIE. LIFE MUST GIVE
WAY TO DEATH, BUT
DEATH IN TURN MUST
CREATE A SPACE
FOR NEW LIFE
TO ARISE.



CARELLA KNEW
THAT IF SHE
REMAINED, YOU
WOULD BOTH DIE.
WHAT SHE DID
FOR YOU WAS
AN ACT OF LOVE.

IF THE UNIVERSE IS TO SURVIVE, IF
THE PRECARIOUS **BALANCE** IS TO BE
SUSTAINED...THEN YOU MUST EXTEND THE
GRACE SHE GAVE YOU.



YOU MUST
DO WHAT IS
NECESSARY
AS AN ACT
OF LOVE.

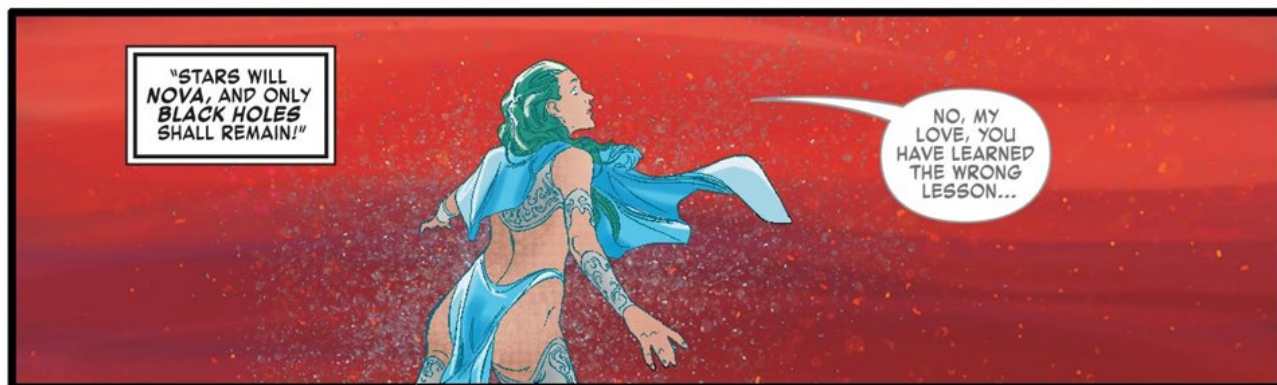
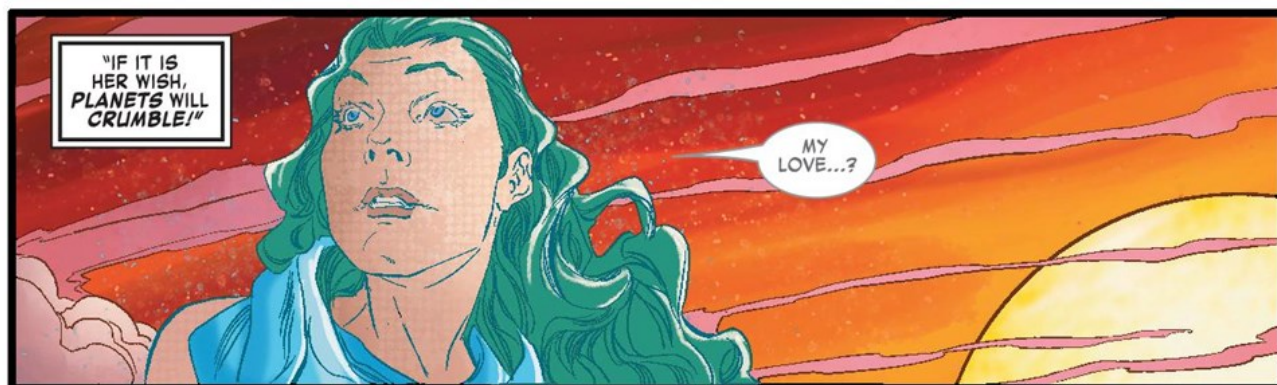
IN THE
NAME OF
DEATH.

NO. IN
THE NAME
OF LIFE.



YOU CAN
LOVE US
BOTH.





"THE BAR
AT THE END
OF THE LINE"



THANOS?

WHY
IS HE
HERE?

THE MAD
TITAN?



I AM
SEEKING MY
PETULANT,
TRAITOROUS
DAUGHTER
NEBULA.

IT'S MY
UNDERSTANDING
THAT SHE RECENTLY
PASSED THROUGH
HERE.



IT'S THE
RULE OF THIS
ESTABLISHMENT
NOT TO RELEASE
THE INFORMATION
OF OUR
CLIENTELE.

EVEN IF SHE
HAD BEEN HERE,
I COULDN'T
TELL YOU.





HM.



ANNOYING.



IN MY EXPERIENCE, I'VE FOUND THE MAJOR WEAKNESS OF SENTIENT CREATURES IS THAT AWKWARD FEAR OF DYING.

I DO NOT FEAR DEATH, YOU KNOW. I HAVE DEFEATED DEATH. I HAVE EMBRACED DEATH.

I HAVE BEEN IN HER KINGDOM AND I HAVE RETURNED. MORE THAN ONCE.



THE THING WITH LIVING, BREATHING CREATURES LIKE YOURSELF IS THAT YOU WILL DO ANYTHING TO STAY ALIVE--

--WHILE I WILL SIMPLY DO ANYTHING.

SO I WILL ASK YOU AGAIN...









ARE THESE
ALL THE
SOLDIERS YOU
BROUGHT?

YOU
THINK SO
LITTLE OF
ME?

THIS IS THREE
TIMES THE PARTY WE'VE
EVER NEEDED TO CONQUER A
PLANETARY SYSTEM, MUCH
LESS TO BRING ONE MAN
TO JUSTICE.



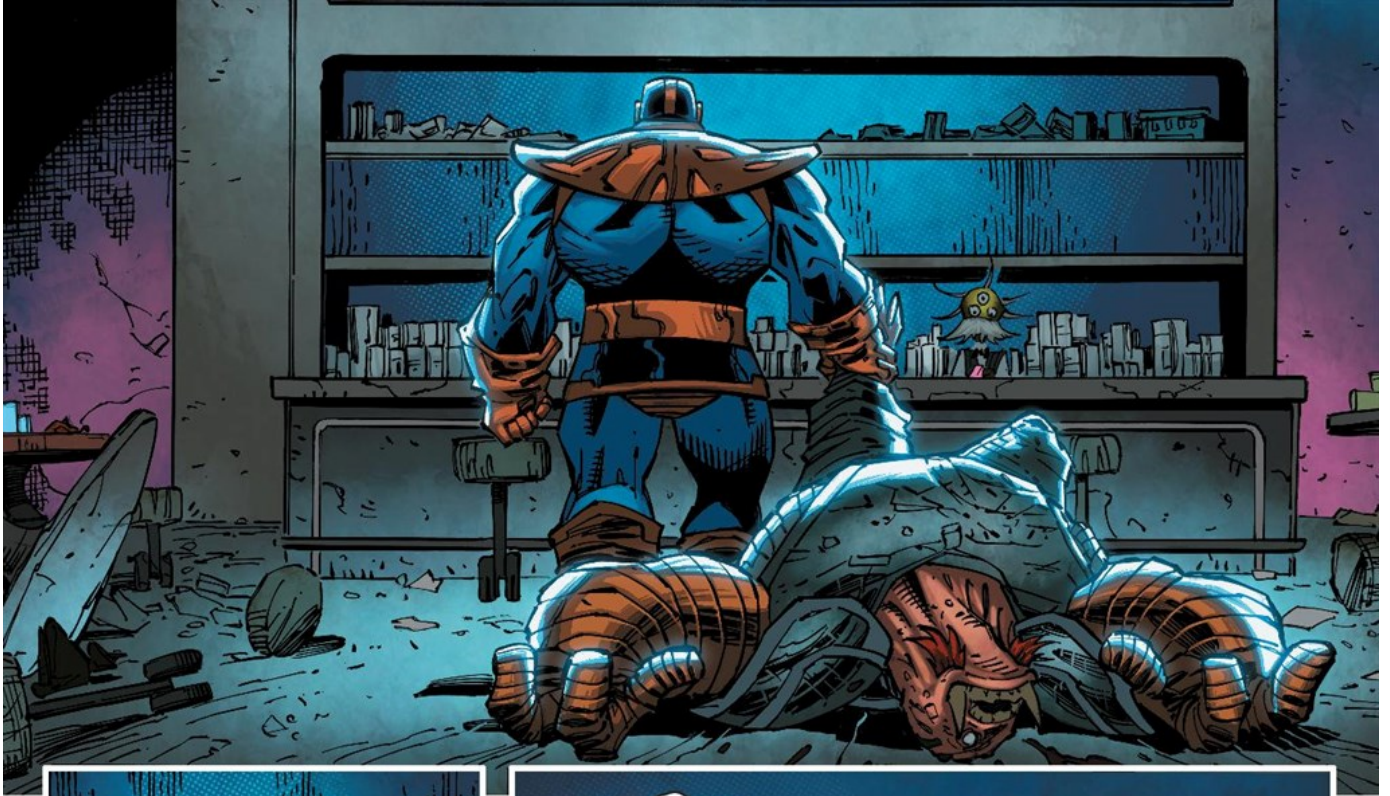
YOU
TALK BIG,
THANOS, BUT WE'LL
SEE HOW TOUGH
YOU ARE WITHOUT
THE INFINITY
GAUNTLET.



I DON'T
NEED THE
GAUNTLET
FOR THE
LIKES OF
YOU.







BUT HOW? THEY'RE
INDESTRUCTIBLE!

THUD



A ROCK
MUST SEEM
FORMIDABLE TO
A FLOWER.

BUT
I AM A
HAMMER.



NOW, I
BELIEVE YOU
WERE GOING TO
TELL ME WHERE
MY DAUGHTER
WENT...

~GULP~

I FIND MYSELF
CONSIDERING
THE IDEA OF
JUSTICE.

THE DELUSION
OF BALANCE.

MANY BELIEVE
THERE IS SOME
SELF-ALIGNING
UNIVERSAL SCALE.

BUT
THERE
IS ONLY
CHAOS.
CHAOS,
THANOS
AND
DEATH.

ENOUGH!

DID YOU
FIND IT?

YES
AND NO.

THERE
WAS A FILE
ON THE BLACK
STONE, BUT IT
IS GONE.

WHOEVER
SEARCHED
THIS PLACE GOT
WHAT THEY
CAME FOR.

...GRANDFATHER?

YOU
CAME FOR
ANSWERS--

--AND
LEAVE WITH
QUESTIONS.

...F-FATHER?

YOU ARE
SO RARELY
LOST FOR WORDS,
ODIN. WHAT WOULD
BOR KNOW OF THE
BLACK INFINITY
STONE?

I...
DO NOT
KNOW.

MY
FATHER
WAS NOT A
TRUSTING
MAN.

WHO
KNOWS WHAT
SECRETS HE
TOOK TO HIS
GRAVE.



WALKING ACROSS THE BONES OF THE DEAD--

WHAT DID YOU LEARN, OPINSON?

THAT THERE WAS A TIME BEFORE YOU, DEATH.



--UNDER THE LIGHT OF LONG-DEAD STARS.

PERHAPS. BUT IN THE END, HE CHOSE ME.

THERE HAS BEEN SOMEONE ELSE HERE RECENTLY. THEY TOOK SOMETHING. WHO WAS IT?



YES.

THE ONE WHO ELUDES ME WITH HIS FAUSSART.

HIS GLAIVE.

...CORVUS.

MHM. BUT I WILL HAVE HIM IN THE END.



WILL YOU STAY, OPINSON? KEEP ME COMPANY?

THOR ODINSON FEELS SOMETHING LIKE FEAR.

no.



THERE IS NOTHING BUT DEATH HERE.



BILSKIRNIR,
A.K.A. "LITTLE ASGARD,"
BROXTON, OKLAHOMA.

*She had, very convincingly,
pretended to fall asleep.*

*Her mind fills in the
words between
the pictures...*

*...and she wonders if this
brilliant world of adventure
is truly out there.*

*Corvus Glaive did
not expect to find
her awake.*

*And it is not without
trepidation that he
enters the room of
Laussa, daughter
of Odin, of Surtur,
and of Freyja.*

*The blood of Bor and
the fire of Muspelheim
run through her veins.*

*It is hard to predict
what powers she
wields.*

*He does not want
to hurt her.*

(Yet.)

*And he does not
want to make
her angry.*

**I AM
HERE TO TAKE
YOU TO YOUR
MOTHER.**

So he lies.

*The child is
not scared.*

Just curious.



Corvus knows the eyes of Asgard see them.

He knows who will come for them.

So he moves them quickly through the realms.



By the time they reach the freezing lands of Niffleheim, Laussa Odinsdottir has grown impatient.

WHERE MAMA GAEA?

SHE IS MEETING US SOON.



I WANT... HOME.

IN A MOMENT, CHILD.

He allows himself a second of silent triumph.



Before they disappear into nothing.

ASGARD.

WHAT DO YOU
MEAN OUT OF
BOUNDS?

THIS PART
OF NIFFLEHEIM HAS
BEEN FORBIDDEN FOR
EONS. MY FATHER
NEVER EXPLAINED
WHY.

BOR
WAS NOT A...
FORTHCOMING
MAN.

I CANNOT
IMAGINE WHAT
THAT MUST
HAVE BEEN
LIKE.

now
listen--

NO. MY SISTER,
YOUR DAUGHTER, IS
LOST SOMEWHERE IN
THAT PLACE, AND
WE CANNOT GET
TO HER.

CORVUS GLAIVE
IS RECRACING THE
STEPS OF HIS LATE MASTER,
CHAMOS, SEARCHING FOR THE
BLACK INFINITY STONE. WHICH,
APPARENTLY, BOR HAD
SOME HAND IN.*

AND NOW
CORVUS HAS
LAUSSA.

SO UNLESS
YOU CAN
HELP, HOLD YOUR
DAMNED TONGUE,
FATHER.

*AS THOR LEARNED IN THANOS:
DEATH NOTES #1, ON SALE NOW.

FORGIVE
US, MY
KING.

WE HAVE
CONSULTED THE
MAPS, THE HISTORY
BOOKS--

AND YOU
HAVE FOUND
NOTHING.

THOR, MAY
I SUGGEST
YOU TALK
TO SOMEONE
WHO WAS
THERE?

YES. YOU
SPEAK SENSE,
SIF.

WHERE
IS SHE?

"WHERE IS
RUNA?"

CLEVELAND,
OHIO.

LET
GO...OF MY
ARM.





--OF MY
ARM...

It began four
days ago--



WHAT
THE HELL,
YOU CRAZY
#%@#%!!!



NOT GOING TO LIE...I'M ENJOYING
THIS WHOLE VALKYRIE THING. I
FEEL VERY SAFE WITH YOU. AND
IT LENDS A CERTAIN RECKLESS
ABANDON TO THE
EVENING.

NOT
WEIRDED OUT YET,
MICHELLE?



NOT AT ALL... IN FACT,
WHAT DO YOU SAY TO
ME CALLING IN SICK
TOMORROW
TOO?

KISS
ME.



MHM, WHY DON'T YOU USE
SOME OF THAT CONSIDERABLE
STRENGTH OF YOURS
AND...

...MAKE
ME.



COME
ON.

WHAT
ABOUT THE
FOOD?

#%@#%
THE FOOD.

--and just kept
going.

It feels extraordinary.



And perfectly normal.



For a glorious moment, everything is perfect--



LIKE THAT?
--and normal.



RUNA!



YOUR BORDAMNED SISTERS ARE KEEPING ME ON THE BLOODY ROOF!



...THOR?

But life tends to catch up with perfection.

And though Rūna's life is many things--

DÍSIR!

--normal is not one of them.

CAN WE EAT HIM?

YOU DID TELL US NOT TO LET ANYONE DISTURB YOU, AND, CORRECT ME IF I AM WRONG, HE IS DISTURBING YOUR EVENING.

WE TOOK A VOTE, AND WE ALL VOTED EAT HIM.

CAN YOU PLEASE TELL YOUR CURSED, UNDEAD ARMY THAT I AM NOT THEIR DINNER?*

*RUNA RECENTLY BECAME LEADER OF THE DÍSIR IN JANE FOSTER & THE MIGHTY THOR #5.



YOU
CAN'T EAT
HIM.

BACK INTO
THE VOID WITH
YOU!

I REMEMBER
WHEN YOU USED
TO BE FUN.

ENOUGH!
RANA!



WHAT DO
YOU KNOW
OF THIS
PLACE?



I KNOW
IT.

MY ADVICE:
STAY THE HELL
AWAY. BURN THE
MAP. FORGET
YOU EVER
SAW IT.



MY SISTER WAS
TAKEN. SHE
IS LOST--

--SOMEWHERE
IN THERE. WE
CANNOT CROSS
THE RIVER. WE
CANNOT GET
TO HER.

PLEASE
TELL ME
WHAT YOU
KNOW.



OH,
LAUSSA...
OH NO.

IS THAT
THOR?



WE WERE
FIGHTING ONE OF
YOUR GRANDFATHER'S
WARS...FIGHTING
AND LOSING.

IT WAS A
SLAUGHTER.

"BOR'S SORCERERS HAD A...
WEAPON THAT THEY PREDICTED
WOULD END THE WAR, END ALL
WARS. MAKE HIM GOD-KING OF
THE REALMS, OF LIFE AND DEATH.

"BUT IT WENT...
WRONG.

"THERE WAS AN...
EXPLOSION...AN
ERUPTION OF MAGICAL
FORCE, WILD AND
UNPREDICTABLE.

"THOUGH IT DID
SUCCESSFULLY END THE
BATTLE, THE SORCERERS
COULD NOT STOP THE
ERUPTION."



ALL THEY
COULD DO WAS
SEAL IT OFF...CONTAIN
IT. CREATE A ZONE
WHERE NO ONE WOULD
VENTURE, HIDE IT
BEHIND WALLS OF
ENCHANTMENTS
AND SPELLS.

BECAUSE
ANYONE WHO STAYS
TOO LONG BECOMES
CONTAMINATED.



HOW
DO WE GET
IN?



THROUGH
THE ICE.

THERE IS
NOTHING I CAN
SAY THAT'LL PREPARE
YOU FOR WHAT'S
ABOUT TO
HAPPEN.

BUT...
JUST... YOU
MUST SWIM INTO
THE DARKNESS.
NOT THE
LIGHT.





As the ice breaks, Thor is filled with a desire to be anywhere but there.

The light holds more beauty than he has ever seen.

He is sure he can hear angelic voices flickering within it.

He wants to hear more. See who is singing. Feel the warmth on his face again.

It is so close.

It would be so easy.



But there is no easy in this place.



This is the land of
old regrets.

WE TRIED
TO MOVE OUT
OUR DEAD,
BUT...

Death.

...WE QUICKLY
LEARNED THAT WE
COULD NOT STAY IN
THIS PLACE FOR
LONG.

And magic.





I NEVER WENT FARTHER THAN THIS, BUT SOME OF MY SISTERS DID.

THE FEW WHO CAME BACK WERE NOT...

...RIGHT.

GONDUL CAME BACK ADDLED, CONFUSED AND FOOLISH. SHE WAS NEVER THE SAME.

HULDA SURVIVED FOR A WHILE, BUT SHE LOST HER SHADOW.

AND AS TIME WENT ON, SHE FADED AWAY.



FADED?

MMH...LIKE SHE WAS NO LONGER SOLID. THE LIGHT WOULD RUN THROUGH HER, AND WITHIN DAYS, SHE DISAPPEARED.



AALA BEGAN SPEAKING TO ANIMALS.

SHE RAN OFF TO LIVE IN THE FOREST.

BUT MOST JUST...NEVER CAME BACK.



BUT IF THIS PLACE WAS SEALED OFF--



--WHOSE
FOOTPRINTS
ARE THOSE?

ONLY
ONE WAY TO
FIND OUT, I
SUPPOSE.



BEWARE.
SOMETHING IS
MOVING IN THE
SHADOWS.



NOT IN THE
SHADOWS...THE
SHADOWS ARE
MOVING!

The vestige of sound
reverberates in
the hall.

Too low to make out,
they feel its vibrations
in the ground.

The order
is simple:



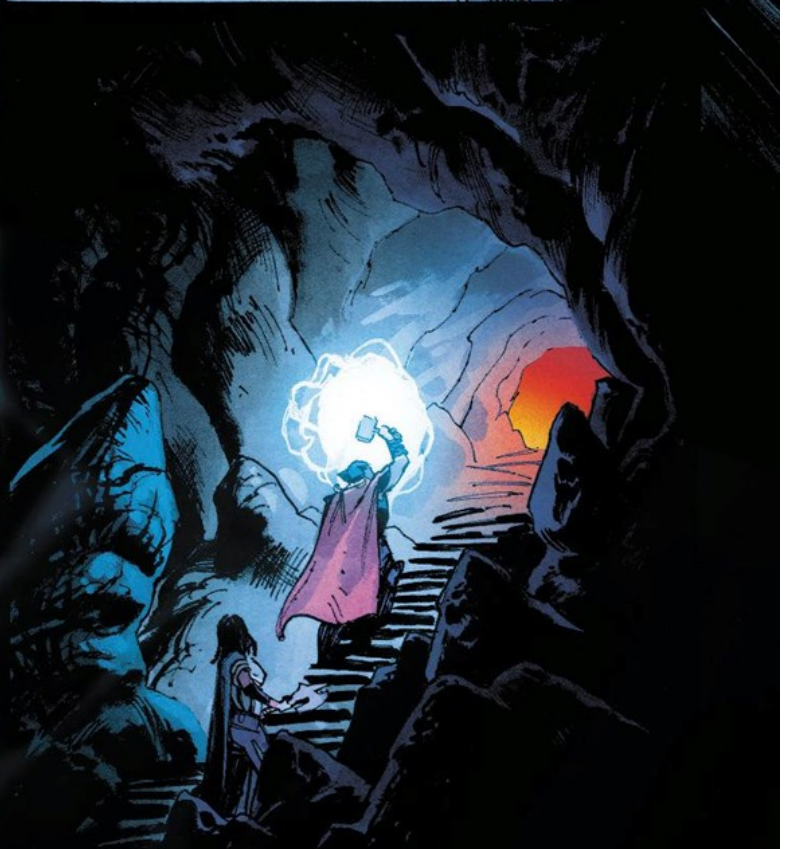
"Attack."

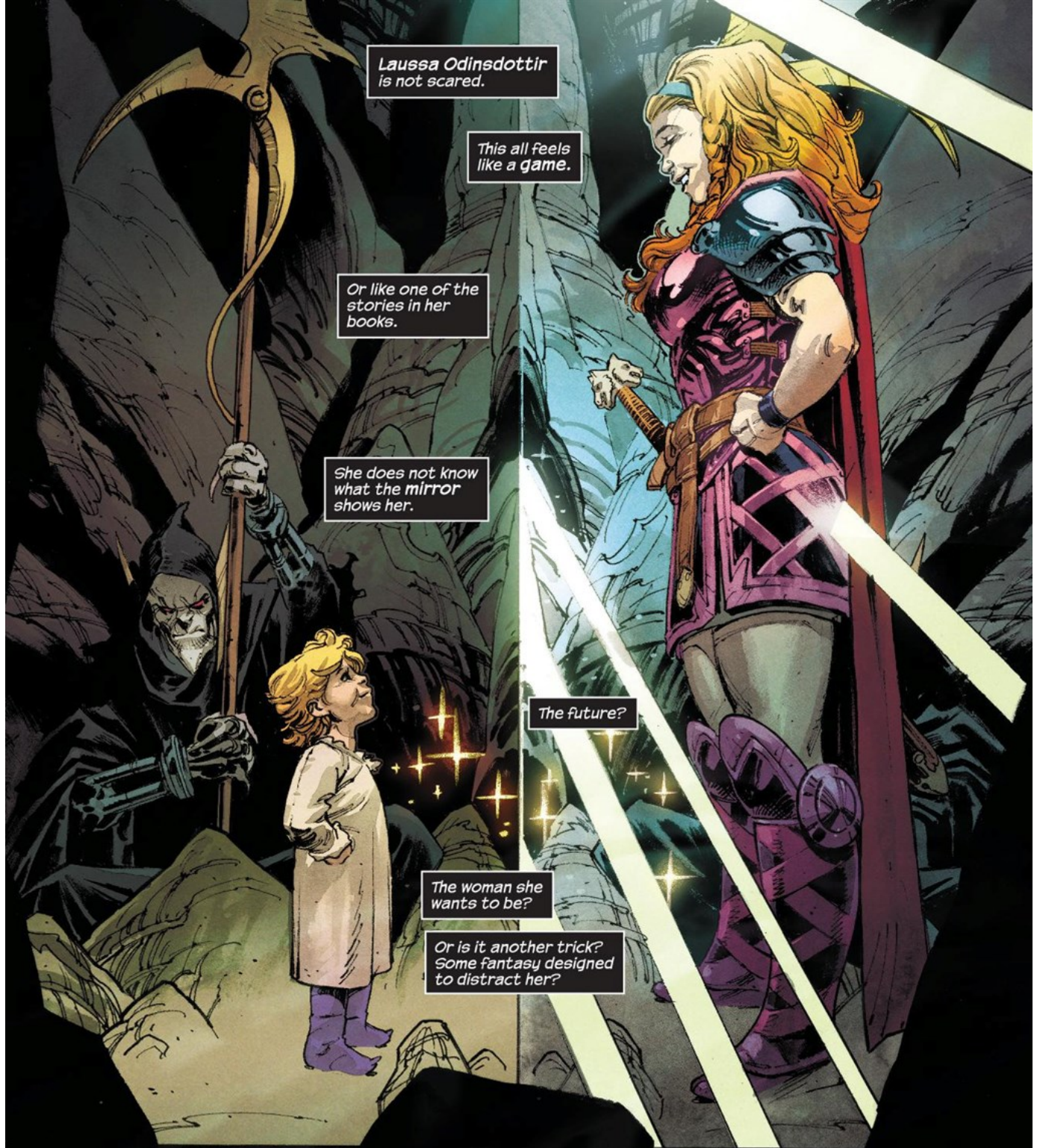




URRRKK...
LIGHT!







Laussa Odinsdottir
is not scared.

This all feels
like a game.

Or like one of the
stories in her
books.

She does not know
what the mirror
shows her.

The future?

The woman she
wants to be?

Or is it another trick?
Some fantasy designed
to distract her?



Corvus Glaive
is healing.

AGHHH--

He has been hurt
many times on
this journey--

--but he always
heals.



In the mirror, he
sees himself as
a god.

THIS IS
IT, LITTLE
ONE.

And there is no
doubt in his
healing heart--

--that he is looking
at the future.

I HAVE
GOTTEN US
THIS FAR--

--NOW
IT IS UP TO
YOU.



The gentle sound of ax meeting stone drums in the distance.

And somewhere in the drumming, there is a voice.

CAN YOU HEAR THAT?

WHAT?

WE ARE NOT ALONE.

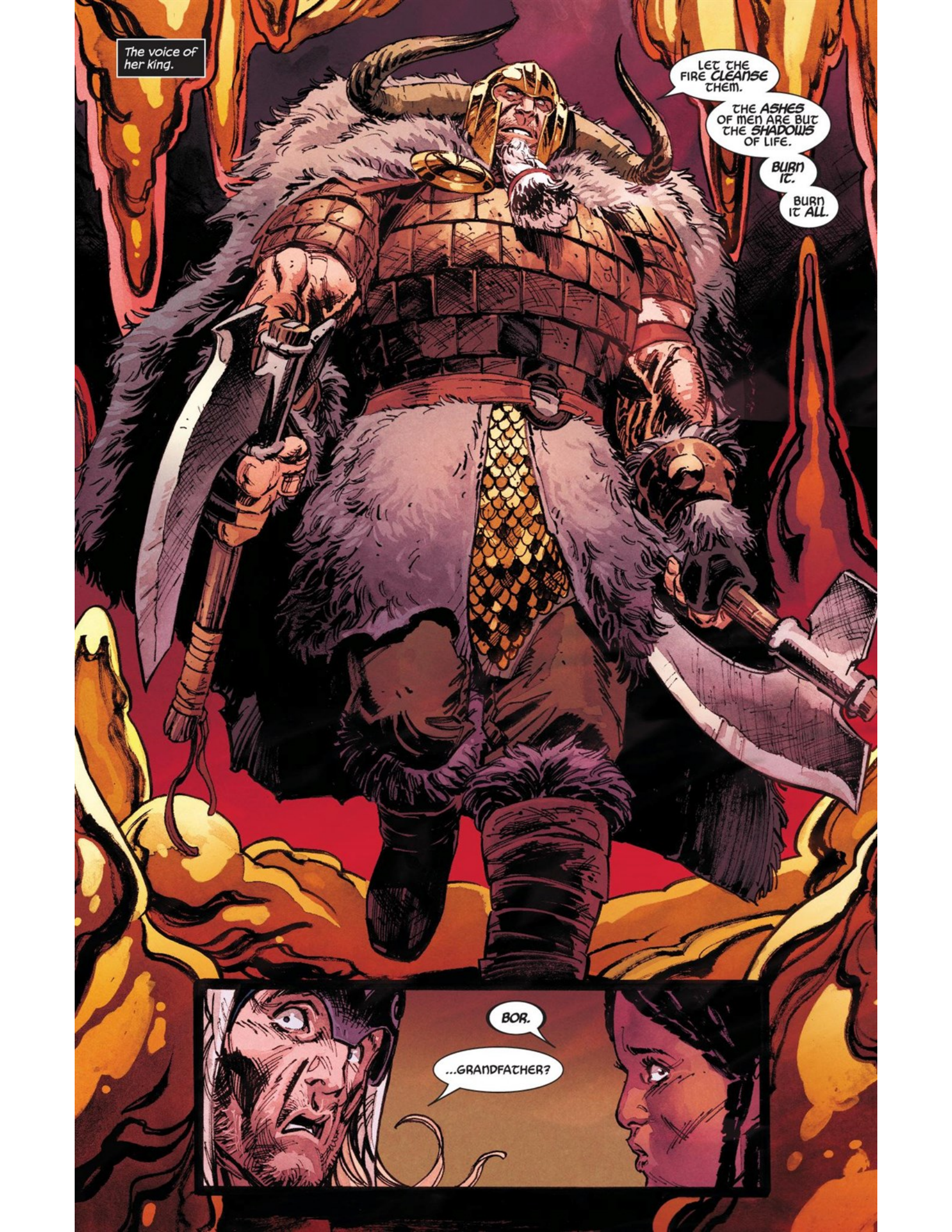
She does not recognize it at first--

THAT MAKES NO SENSE--

--NO ONE COULD SURVIVE IN HERE...

--but then she hears it.

WHAT DOES IT MATTER?



The voice of
her king.

LET THE
FIRE CLEANSE
THEM.

THE ASHES
OF MEN ARE BUT
THE SHADOWS
OF LIFE.

BURN
IT.

BURN
IT ALL.

BOR.

...GRANDFATHER?



#30 VARIANT BY Frank Cho & David Curiel



my
king--

--you
HAVE OUR
SWORDS.

OUR
BLOOD.

THERE IS
NOT ONE AMONG
US WHO WOULD NOT
LAY DOWN OUR
LIVES FOR YOU.

WE
SERVE YOU IN
EVERYTHING--

--EVERYTHING
BUT THIS.



THEN YOU
DO NOT SERVE
ME AT ALL,
VALKYRIE.



GRANDFATHER?
WHAT IS--

PLEASE...
I WANT TO
HEAR THIS.





WE ARE
VALKYRIES.

WE HAVE
RESPONSIBILITIES
TO THE DEAD
TOO, MY KING.

THEN FEEL
FREE TO JOIN
THEM, BRÜN.



BURN
IT.

MY LORD...
IT IS STILL...
UNSTABLE. WE
CANNOT BE
SURE IT WILL
WORK.



IT WILL
WORK.

WHY ELSE
WOULD HE BE
HERE?

I DO NOT
FOLLOW...



DO YOU NOT
SEE?

THE
STRANGER IS
NOT OF OUR TIME.
HE WOULD NOT BE
HERE NOW IF IT
DID NOT
WORK.



HE
HAS BREACHED
THE DEFENSE!
**PROTECT THE
KING!**

BURN
IT.



PICK UP
YOUR SWORD,
BRÜN. MAYBE YOU
WILL FIND **ABSOLUTION**
FROM YOUR DISLOYALTY
ON THE
BATTLEFIELD.

yes...
my king.



SISTER...



HOW LIKE A MORTAL.

EVER TRYING TO ESCAPE FACE.

EVER TRYING TO CLAW THEIR WAY OUT OF INEVITABLE DEATH.

IMPERTINENTLY BATTLING YOUR STATION. YOUR VERY NATURE.



HOW LIKE A GOD TO DISMISS THOSE THEY DEEM BENEATH THEM.

TO HOARD POWER AND SQUANDER IT WITH THEIR LACK OF VISION.

TO MEET THE CONCERNS OF THOSE THEY RULE WITH INSUFFERABLE SILENCE.

AFTER ALL, WHAT WOULD A GOD KNOW ABOUT DEATH?



LET ME SHOW YOU.





RÚNA,
WHERE WERE...
WHERE ARE
YOU?

I AM DEFENDING THE WESTERN
FRONT. AT THIS MOMENT, WE
ARE RECALLED. WE ARE TOLD
THE KING HAS ENTERED
THE BATTLE.

HE IS FIGHTING
A STRANGER...
ONE WHO IS KILLING
FRIEND AND
FOE ALIKE.

BUT
BEFORE WE GOT
THERE--



WHAT DOES
IT MATTER,
BRUN?

LET THE
FIRE CLEANSE
THEM.

THE ASHES
OF MEN ARE BUT
THE SHADOWS
OF LIFE.

IT
IS A TIME
ECHO.

MAYBE...
PROBABLY...BUT
WE CANNOT BE SURE.
WE CANNOT TRUST
ANYTHING WE SEE
IN THIS PLACE.

WHAT
HAPPENED TO
THANOS?

THANOS?
YOU MEAN THE
STRANGER?

SOME OF
THOSE CLOSE
TO THE EXPLOSION
WERE SHIELDED BY
THE MOUNTAIN, BUT
I DO NOT THINK
HE WAS ONE
OF THEM.

TRUST
ME--HE
WAS.

She is weak.

From the
screaming.

From the
fighting.

From the
blood loss.

It is, all in all,
not like in the
storybooks.

YOU HAVE
TO STOP,
LAUSSA.

STOP
NOW.

YOU MIGHT
HURT ME, BUT
YOU EXHAUST
YOURSELF.

IT
WILL KILL
YOU.

I WOULD
RATHER DIE
THAN HELP
YOU!

NONSENSE.



YOU
LIED TO
ME...

EVERYONE LIES,
ODINSDOTTIR.



YOUR
FATHERS, YOUR
MOTHERS, THE
WORLD AROUND
YOU.

BUT
MOST OF ALL,
YOU LIE TO
YOURSELF...

TO
MAKE LIFE
BEARABLE.



TO
MAKE THE
WORLD MAKE
SENSE.

YOU
MAKE UP YOUR
OWN TRUTHS,
BELIEFS AND
PRINCIPLES...



...YOUR OWN
VALUE.

ALL IN AN
ATTEMPT TO *DEFY*
THE *INDIFFERENCE*
OF THE
UNIVERSE.

BUT IN
THE END, THEY
ARE ALL LIES,
LAUSSA.

HOWEVER,
UNLIKE MOST
CREATURES, YOU
HAVE VALUE.

ALTHOUGH
IT IS NOT IN YOUR
THOUGHTS OR IN YOUR
IDEAS...IT IS IN THE
BLOOD IN YOUR
VEINS.



BOR'S
BLOOD.

NOT
AGAIN!

noo!!!



PEOPLE USED
TO THINK WE
DECIDED WHO LIVED
AND WHO DIED ON
THE BATTLEFIELD.

AS IF THE
VALKYRIES
HAD THE POWER
TO CONTROL
DEATH.

BOR
WAS ALWAYS
SUSPICIOUS
OF IT.



HE DIDN'T
LIKE THAT WE
HAD LOYALTIES
BEYOND HIM.

HE DIDN'T
UNDERSTAND
OUR COMMITMENT
TO THE DEAD.

I SUPPOSE
GOD-KINGS HAVE A
HARD TIME ACCEPTING
THAT THERE ARE
THINGS OUTSIDE
THEIR CONTROL.



IS THAT
DIRECTED AT
ME?

OH, NOT
AT ALL, MY
KING.

YOU ARE
NOTHING LIKE YOUR
GRANDFATHER.



...I
HOPE.

WHAT
ARE THESE
CREATURES?

...IT SOUNDS
LIKE THEY ARE
SINGING.



THEY ARE...
WELL. BETTER
NOT TO THINK
ABOUT IT.

WHAT
DOES THAT
MEAN?



SOMETHING
IS HUNTING
THEM...



DO
YOU SMELL
THAT?

YES.
DRAUGR.



You never forget
the smell of death.

Or mistake it for
something else.

Only death smells
of death.



That is how the scent
of the Draugrs begins.

Then add
bitterness.

Hopelessness.



And
hatred.



AIM
FOR THEIR
HEADS!



Draughts are
not born.

They begin sometime
before life ends.

With things
unsaid.

Old
regrets.

Betrays.

Pain that lingers
and festers.

Even after
death--

--until they are all
that is left in a
body decayed.



NINE
MOTHERS...

THE
DRAUGR IS...



...IT IS
FEEDING ON
THEM, WHATEVER
THEY ARE.

THEY ARE
MEMORIES.

THE DRAUGRS
ARE LIKE
VULTURES.

SCAVENGING
THE CARCASSES
OF THE SOUL, NOT
FOR FLESH, BUT FOR
THOUGHTS...FEELINGS.
MEMORIES.

WHATEVER
IS LEFT WHEN
THE SOUL
DIES.

WE SHOULD BURN
THE BEASTS...
OR PUT THEM
BACK IN THEIR
GRAVES--

BUT...
YOU KNOW,
WE'RE ALREADY
HERE.

WHEN THE
SOUL DIES? WHAT
SOULS? WERE THEY
NOT BROUGHT TO
THE AFTERLIFE?

WHAT HAPPENED
HERE?!

YOU KNOW...THE GREENEST AND
LUSHEST FIELDS GROW WHERE
A BATTLE WAS FOUGHT
THE YEAR BEFORE.

THE CIRCLE OF
LIFE AND ALL
THAT.

BOR'S SORCERERS
THEORIZED THAT LIKE A
DECOMPOSING BODY COULD
FERTILIZE BARREN LAND, THE
SOUL COULD BE PULLED TO
PIECES AND REUSED...

They are walking
through a
graveyard.

THAT THE
SPIRITUAL ENERGY
LEFT IN THE DEAD
COULD BE
HARNESSED...

...AND
FORGED INTO
SOMETHING
NEW.

But this place
is anything
but dead.

It feels like the
ground is
breathing.

BUT IT
TAKES GREAT
POWER TO BREAK
A SOUL TO
PIECES.

BOR STILL
HAD THE SHELL
OF THE GALACTUS
SEED.

HE USED
IT AS **TINDER**.
BURNING IT IN THE
DEEP, ETERNAL
FLAMES OF THIS
MOUNTAIN.

IT
WAS RECKLESS.
UNPREDICTABLE...
IT WAS...

EH?
DO YOU...

Slow and deep
breaths.

DO YOU SEE...
THE SAME THING
AS I SEE? IN THE
MIRROR? DO YOU
SEE THEM?

He does
not.

What the mirror
shows Thor makes
his blood freeze.

NEVER MIND.
BETTER...BETTER
NOT TO THINK
ABOUT IT.

LAUSSA!

CLNKK

The door does not open.

Corvus Glaive's anger is misjudged.

The glaive can cut through stone, carbon and vibranium. It can split atoms.

But faced with Asgardian blood magic, it falls rather short.

His fury seems to disturb the mountain.

The air.

The stone and amber.

...The dead.

Laussa needs to make a choice.

Tell him why it does not work--

--and hope for mercy.

Or use her last strength to fight.

The mountain comes alive around them.

RRRRMMBULLLEE



The power he craves is here. Still undiluted after all this time.

OH, GOOD. YOU CAN UNDERSTAND SIMPLE ARITHMETIC AFTER ALL.

I WAS NOT SURE YOU WOULD. YOUR REPUTATION DOES RATHER PRECEDE YOU, THOR.





She watches
them fight.

She knows what
will happen, of
course.



For a moment, she
wonders if she
should step in.

Say
something.

But she already
knows that she
will not.



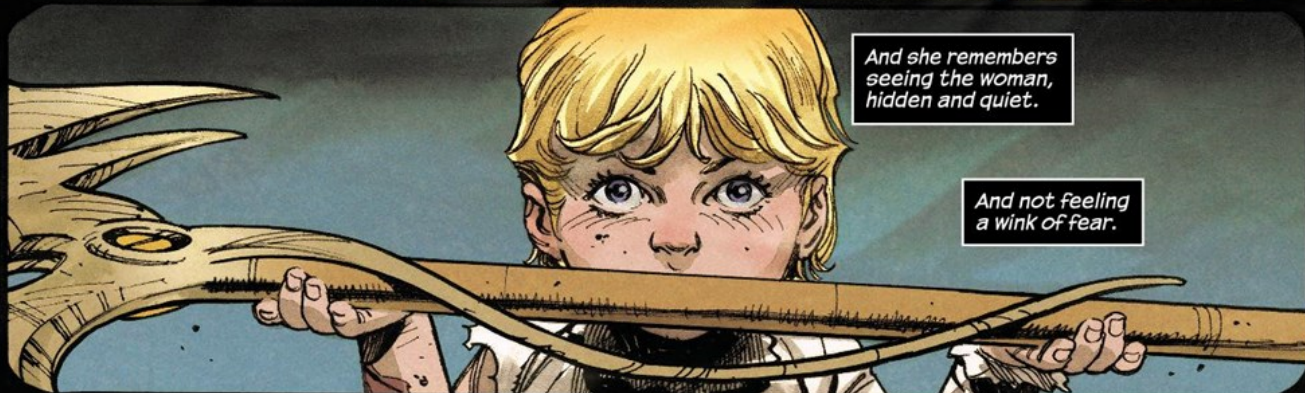
That is the comfort
of being in the past.

Everything that
happens has already
happened.



She remembers knowing
that the glaive was
important.

She remembers
how heavy it was.



And she remembers
seeing the woman,
hidden and quiet.

And not feeling
a wink of fear.



YOU ARE NOT GOING TO KILL ME, THOR?

NO. NOT IF I CAN HELP IT.

A COWARD AS WELL AS A BRUTE. I SUPPOSE I SHOULD COUNT MYSELF LUCKY.



THERE ARE MANY FATES WORSE THAN DEATH, CORVUS.

THOR...? I AM...IN PAIN.



NO, THERE ARE NOT. NOT ANYMORE.

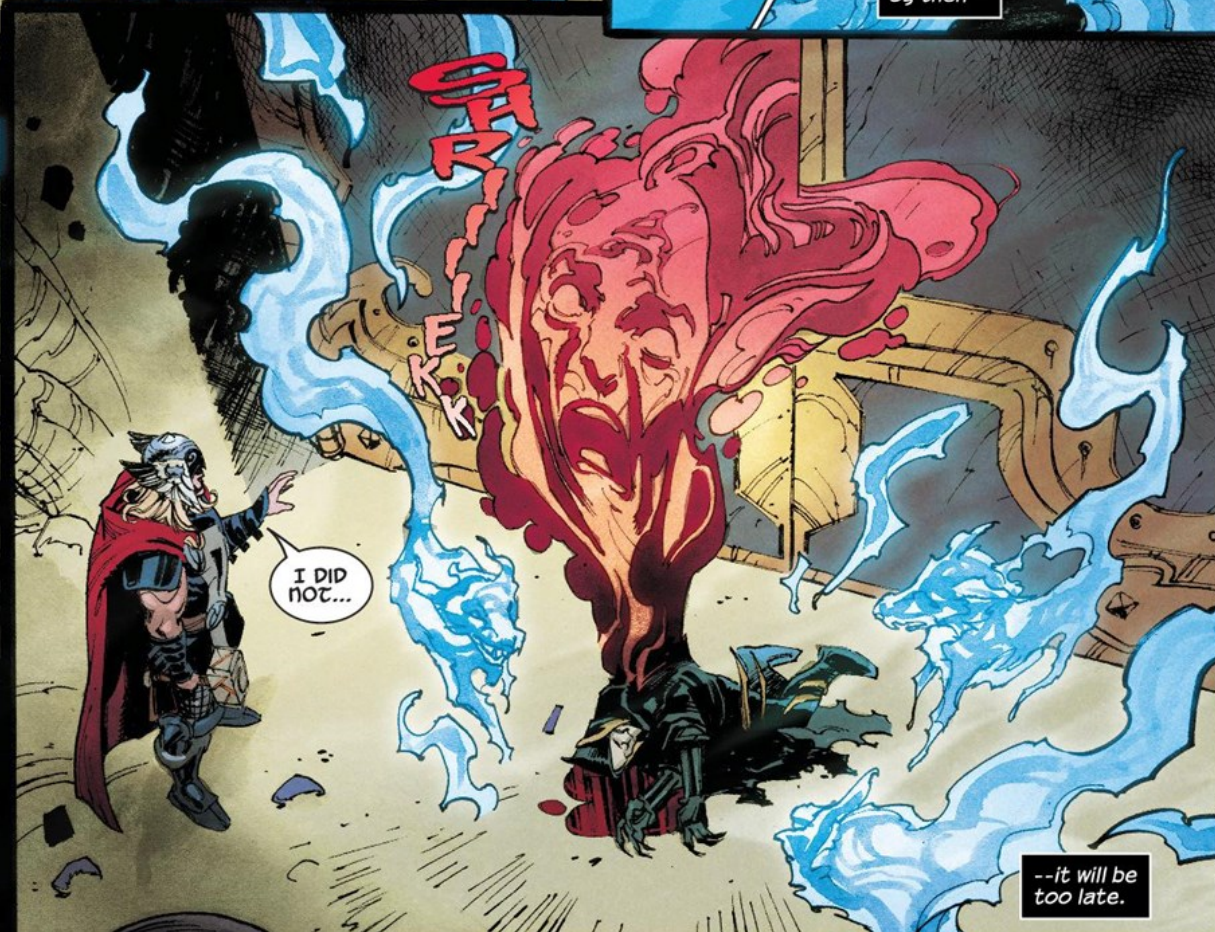
The significance of his last words will not be clear until later.



ARRGHHH!!

NO! STOP IT!

By then--



SAR

KEKE

I DID NOT...

--it will be too late.



YOU'RE SCARING ME, THOR!

WE NEED TO GET OUT OF THIS DAMNED PLACE!

YOU GO. I NEED TO KNOW WHAT MY GRANDFATHER HID BEHIND THESE DOORS, RÚNA.

IF I CAN OPEN THEM...



BOR'S BLOOD! ON THE SHADOW. IT'S A TRICK!

CLEVER GIRL, LAUSSA.

I CANNOT LEAVE YOU HERE.



A COMMAND FROM YOUR KING, RÚNA.

TAKE LAUSSA. GET HER SAFELY OUT OF HERE. TAKE HER TO HER MOTHERS.

YES, MY KING.

PLIP PLIP!

IT HURTS...



PLEASE...

...DO NOT DO THIS...

I NEED TO KNOW, FATHER.

In the time to come, Thor will think back on this moment and wonder if things would have unfolded differently if he had walked away--



MAKE IT STOP. MAKE IT STOP!

PLEASE, SON. I BEG YOU...LEAVE THIS PLACE.

--and left the secrets of his bloodline in the past.

(It would have made
no difference.)

I'M SORRY,
FATHER...

Meanwhile, the magic-warped beetle has
completed its journey from the cavern
to Midgard...



...to relay a message
to its master.

IT IS
REMY.

AT
LAST.

NEXT: KRAKA-DOOM

The most malicious comic ever!

THANOS

DEATH NOTES



MARVEL ENTERTAINMENT IN ASSOCIATION WITH DANIEL ACUÑA PRESENTS "THANOS: DEATH NOTES"
WRITTEN BY TORUNN GRØNBEKK CHRISTOPHER CANTWELL J. MICHAEL STRACZYNSKI AND KYLE STARKS
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#30 STORMBREAKERS VARIANT BY
Lucas Werneck



#30 X-TREME MARVEL VARIANT BY
Maria Wolf & Mike Spicer

"As always, every page of Thor is gorgeous." — Comic Watch

A CLASH OF **MIGHTY MARVEL MONARCHS!**

THOR, KING OF ASGARD VS. EDDIE BROCK, KING IN BLACK! Hammer vs. tongue! Lightning vs. symbiote! Golden hair vs. pointy teeth! But whatever their personal differences, they must put them aside to save the one thing they both love: Earth! Meanwhile, Thanos is missing, presumed dead. But Thor has seen a vision of his return. And it is enough to make even a god know fear! And when a universally loathed foe kidnaps Thor's baby sister, Laussa, and drags her so deep beyond Hel that not even Sif's All-Sight can see her, the God of Thunder must embark on a terrifying, universe-changing quest!



COLLECTING **THOR (2020) #27-30** AND **THANOS: DEATH NOTES** — BY AL EWING, DONNY CATES, TORUNN GRØNBekk, CHRISTOPHER CANTWELL, J. MICHAEL STRACZYNSKI, KYLE STARKS, SALVADOR LARROCA, NIC KLEIN, ANDREA DI VITO, TRAVEL FOREMAN, GEOFF SHAW, RON LIM, DON HO, EDGAR DELGADO, MATT WILSON, DAVID CURIEL, RACHELLE ROSENBERG, DEAN WHITE, RUTH REDMOND AND ISRAEL SILVA.

T+

MARVEL